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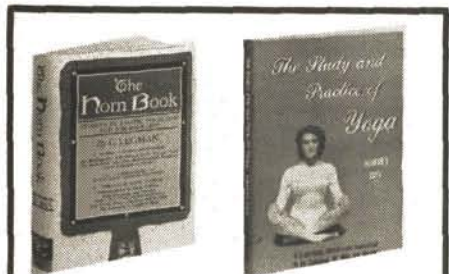
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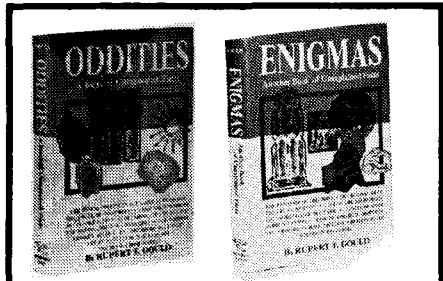
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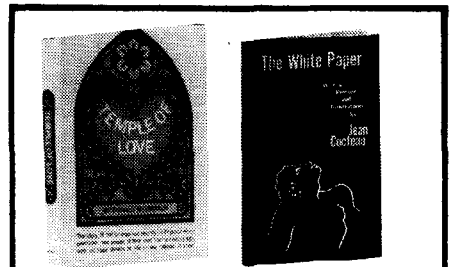
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JUNE 25, 1966

T.R.B.

from
Washington

Sick of Vietnam

★ Make no doubt of it, the public is tired and sick of Vietnam, and we feel the thing is approaching some kind of a showdown. The evidence is not merely in the opinion polls; it's in the off-the-record comment of congressmen. The ones who are most worried are Democratic liberals, particularly the 50 or so who won by less than five percent in 1964. We think there is going to be a weeding out process on them this fall, and we fear it may be tragic.

The polls are there for anybody to see. They operate on two planes. First, President Johnson's popularity has declined; no, plummeted. It has dropped from well over 60 percent last January to 46 percent. What goes down fast may rebound as fast and other Presidents have been unpopular, too. President Truman was one of them, though historians now treat him kindly. Just the same, there was a Republican sweep in 1950 at midterm, and a take-over two years later.

What causes the unpopularity? Well, that brings up the second issue. According to the Louis Harris poll last week, the public's irritation over Vietnam is moving toward a tough "get-it-over-with" attitude. Being in a hateful situation from which there seems no escape, people are growing bitter.

Harris says that last September the public was five-to-two against bombing Hanoi; now the two sides are divided, just 50-50. Last year a slight majority of the public was willing to accept Viet Cong representation in a compromise government: now the balance has swung the other way; a slight majority rejects the idea. In fact, the long debate in the Senate against escalation seems

not to have convinced the public. How deep the feeling runs nobody can say, but frustration seems to be turning toward a changed policy. That is why Governor Romney said on TV last week it is "ridiculous" not to bomb around Hanoi; he probably is outlining the GOP line.

It takes a lot of courage for a President to resist such pressure. Critics of Mr. Johnson will say that he has not resisted it too well so far. We haven't agreed with him, but we have not doubted his sincerity. He has asserted from the first that the big pressure is coming not from the doves but from the war hawks. The new polls, if one accepts them, bear this out.

President Truman watched his popularity sink to an extraordinary low in circumstances somewhat like this. We have been reading Cabell Phillips' fine new book, *The Truman Presidency* (Macmillan, \$7.95). He had Korea: "A war to contain an aggressor rather than to destroy him; a war of limited objectives against a secondary enemy to avoid unlimited war against a primary enemy. . . ." Does this sound familiar? Truman went to Wake Island to see MacArthur; Johnson went to Honolulu to see Ky. Both wanted restraint. "The greatest calamity in Asia," MacArthur told his commander, "would be for the Koreans to turn against their defenders" because of friction between governments. Chou En-lai said China would enter the Korean war if UN forces crossed the 38th parallel. MacArthur didn't believe it; didn't know the Chinese had arrived when a quarter of a million had. When he found they had done what they promised to do, he called it "one of the most offensive acts of international lawlessness ever known in history."

It Takes Guts

★ Analogies are dangerous. Korea, of course, wasn't Vietnam. Yet this was the first test of the political reaction to fighting a limited war for limited goals. "We were in a war we could not win and could not walk away from, but neither could we afford to lose," observes Mr. Phillips. No President faces a harder dilemma.

Truman stuck to his purpose and it took guts to do it. He saw his popular-

ity drop down to an amazing 23 percent. That was after he snaked insubordinate Douglas MacArthur right out of the war. When he opened the new baseball season the sullen crowd booed him. MacArthur got a four-hour ticker-tape parade in New York. But Truman got a place in history.

In the partisan battle that followed in Congress, one of the most effective supporters of Truman was the freshman senator from Texas, Lyndon Johnson. But will Johnson hold the line against an unlimited war? Nobody knows.

This column pointed out, March 12, that in the last seven midterm elections the "out" party has averaged a recovery of 40 House seats. It gave us no pleasure to set this down, at a time when even the Republicans were guessing a bounce-back of only 20 or 30 seats. This is a prospective GOP gain by what Wall Street would call "the chart"; it has nothing to do with ideology; it is the normal operation of the elastic two-party system. After a big landslide the "out" party normally regains more seats. (The one exception in 50 years was 1934.) After the Harding landslide, the Democrats captured around 75 seats two years later; after the Roosevelt landslide of 1936 Republicans snapped back punctually in 1938 for 80 seats. And the Johnson landslide was one of the greatest in history.

In short, we see grief ahead for Democratic liberals, whether from "the chart," or Vietnam, or more probably both. We note that the perceptive National Committee for an Effective Congress agrees with us.

The marginal Democratic liberals were the gift Barry Goldwater handed the nation. They have been crucial in getting Johnson's Great Society enacted. The loss of 30 votes (let alone 60 or 70) would have emasculated or killed Medicare, the rent supplement, civil rights, House repeal of 14(b), and reform of the Rules Committee.

If the GOP-Dixiecrat coalition takes over again next year it will be goodbye to reform; hello to Watts. That is why in any contest between a sitting Democratic moderate and a so-called "peace" candidate, TRB would almost certainly be for the former. A lot of peace candidates are running who could turn defeat into a rout. A changed Johnson policy on Vietnam might alter this.

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CONTENTS

COMMENT - 5-8

The Destroyers, "No Hablo Ingles,"
AFL-CIO Foreign Policy, Station
House Confessions

Studies in the Grocery

- James Ridgeway 9

The Kennedys at Home Have a Few
Problems - Martin F. Nolan 10

Beware State Police Bearing Protection
- Jules Witcover 11

Moyers - James Deakin 13

Poor Politics - Andrew Kopkind 15

Lovestone's Cold War - Dan Kurzman 17

BOOKS - Reviews by Alex Campbell,
Seymour Rubinfeld, Gerald W. Johnson,
Joseph A. Page 23

POEM by John Updike 23

RECORDS by B. H. Haggin 30

ART by Frank Getlein 33

POP CULTURE by Charles Ogburn Jr. 34

CORRESPONDENCE 36

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The Destroyers

"Does our society need to tolerate filthy rivers, poisoned air, strangled cities and tangled roads? Too few parks? Too few beaches? Too little wildlife? Too much ugliness and too little beauty?" "No," President Johnson has repeatedly said, "it does not." But our burgeoning population, which will nearly double by the end of this century *will* have to tolerate these plagues if an immense national effort is not made now. Already, the need is plain for more recreation facilities, more parks, more beaches for people with more and more time on their hands. And we ain't seen nothin' yet. America's natural resources - its forests, rivers, lakeshores - are being threatened by the incursions of industry and new housing. It is becoming tougher and tougher to adjudicate conflicting claims on the land. The past few years have brought a new awareness of these problems: five national seashores have come into being, also a National Park at Canyonlands in Utah, a Water Pollution Control Administration, a Highway Beautification Act. But we are light-years away from the necessary commitment of thought and money - even to the single task of keeping our rivers and lakes free of pollution, which can only be done by regional planning and tough federal patrolling.

"This Administration intends to be a conservation Administration," the President has pledged. However, Mr. Johnson is easily tempted to try and satisfy both those who would conserve and those who would destroy, those who would purify and those who would pollute. The proposed Redwoods National Forest in Northern California is an illustration. Senator Jackson (D, Wash.) held field hearings of the Senate Interior Committee last week on an Administration bill to preserve 43,000 acres of redwoods. All but about 7,000 acres of this land is *already* safe in two state parks. The best trees - located in Redwood Creek Valley and owned privately - are not included in the Administration's conservation proposal; they are in the hands of loggers who have speeded up their decimation of the trees, apparently hoping to cut as many of them as they can before Congress gets around to defining the limits of the park and acquiring private lands in the area. Where two million acres of redwoods once stood, only about 230,000 acres remain. What is not put in parks soon will be gone in 30 years. Nineteen senators and 31 representatives have proposed an alternative plan to set up a 90,000-acre park south of Jedediah Smith in Redwoods State Park to preserve the best remaining redwoods in California. A conservationist Administration might be ex-

pected to give that alternative strong support; it has not; the matter has been shelved until next year.

Two weeks ago the House recreation subcommittee reported out legislation which would preserve a strip of virgin beach along Lake Michigan as the Indiana Dunes National Lakeshore. Nearly a decade ago Senator Douglas (D, Ill.) proposed setting aside for recreation part of the lakeshore between Gary and Michigan City for 9.5 million people who live within 100 miles of the dunes. But congressional delays allowed Bethlehem Steel and National Steel to buy up quietly and clear choice central parts of the dunes for finishing plants, and then get federal financing for a harbor there. That damage has been done.

Secretary of the Interior Udall envisages attacking the evils of spoilage on a regional basis, as they should be, rather than piecemeal. He envisages joint federal-state compacts to plan and control resources within the different river basins. If such compacts are to be effective, the federal government, presumably through the Interior Department, would need to have considerable power in running the commissions. They would have to have the right of eminent domain, to reclaim land from commercial users and to sell bonds to produce revenue for water pollution control. But states are jealous — and often more subservient to industrial lob-

bies than is the federal government; they don't take kindly to giving politicians in Washington a firm clamp on wealthy, heavily populated river basin areas like the Hudson. Governor Rockefeller has already characterized a regional plan for cleaning up and preserving the natural beauty of the Hudson River as a power grab by the Administration. Any such Interior Department intrusion is likely to be fought also by the Bureau of Public Roads in the Commerce Department, the traditional friend of state road builders.

In the Far West, the Central Arizona Project, a complex scheme to divert water from the Colorado River to the parched Phoenix and Tucson area, has aroused the conservationists. To finance the diversion, dams would be constructed at either end of the Grand Canyon, though not in the National Park itself. These dams would not provide additional water; that is not their purpose. They would provide hydroelectric peaking power to pay for aqueducts that would bring water from elsewhere. The dams are favored by Interior's Bureau of Reclamation (which is in the dam-building business). But they may be obsolete by the time they have paid off their own construction and begun to pay off the diversion project. Nuclear power would be cheaper and ultimately more practical.

The conservationist Sierra Club dislikes any desecration of the scenic beauties of the Grand Canyon. It objects to construction of dams at Marble Gorge and Bridge Canyon. But when the club published full-page ads in *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* June 9 ("Now Only You Can Save Grand Canyon From Being Flooded . . . For Profit. Yes, that's right, *Grand Canyon!*") it ran into trouble. Within 24 hours, the Internal Revenue Service had hand-delivered a warning that such lobbying activities could lose the club its tax-exempt status.

The White House, through the Bureau of the Budget, recommended last year that construction of Bridge Canyon Dam be deferred pending the results of a federal study of water needs of the region. Framers of the legislation have ignored that request and left Bridge Canyon Dam in the bill. Secretary Udall insists that the Administration is opposed to construction at Bridge. But it remains to be seen whether the Administration will stand firmly by that statement. The Senate recently authorized establishment of a national water commission to make a five-year survey of the nation's water needs. Its studies could provide a sound basis for regional cooperation and fairer apportioning of water. But Arizona doesn't want to wait — just as Bethlehem and National Steel would not wait. "The storm of modern change," President Johnson said, "is threatening to blight and diminish in a few decades what has been cherished and protected for generations." It is an uncharacteristic understatement.



"My granddad says this sewer used to be a river."

"No Hablo Ingles"

"It's a tough, but quiet neighborhood. No signs of any trouble there." So the police intelligence report read less than a week before Chicago's Puerto Rican ghetto erupted. To show how proud the city was of its peaceful Spanish-speaking minority, Mayor Daley declared last week (June 5-12) Puerto Rican Week and led a parade down State Street. The festivity and backslapping ended with a bang Sunday night: nearly two dozen people were injured, 48 others were in jail. The violence was sparked, as usual, by a minor incident. Two policemen were called to break up a fight. Moments later a Puerto Rican youth lay on the ground, his leg shattered by bullets from a policeman's gun. Police claim that 20-year-old Arcelius Cruz drew a gun on them. As a crowd gathered to see what had happened, the two officers called for help—including a dozen dogs. Someone was bitten, the mob grew, more police were called in, and soon the narrow strip of land was alive with rocks, bottles, gunfire and swinging billy clubs. Three squad cars were set on fire.

Early Monday evening, community leaders held a peace rally at Humboldt Park (the neighborhood was once Polish). But the attention of the crowd was soon focused on renewed whining of police sirens and the flickering blue lights. Once again the mile-long stretch of Division Street (five miles from the Loop) was filled with jeering, rock-throwing Puerto Ricans. The police refrained from bopping anyone on the head with billy clubs for a while, and no dogs were set loose. Instead, they fired blanks to break up clusters of youths. Then all hell broke loose again. Nearly 400 police cordoned off the one-mile stretch. Seven persons were shot; 30 more were arrested. By dawn, hardly a window was left undamaged or a store unlooted.

There are about 65,000 Puerto Ricans in Chicago, twice as many as five years ago. Most speak only Spanish and are restricted to low-skill, low-paying jobs. Large families are crowded into old apartment buildings. The innocent are easy prey for con artists and loan sharks. A cop halts a Puerto Rican for questioning: "Hey, you, what're you doin' here?" the police officer asks.

"No hablo Ingles," comes the frightened reply.

"Wise guy, huh! Let's see if you're so dumb after a night in the tank," says the cop as he muscled the suspect into the wagon.

There are only 11 Spanish-speaking policemen in the Chicago Police Department. Not one of the 11 was assigned to the district where 10,000 Puerto Ricans expressed their fears and animosity toward the police with violence. Where neither side understands the other's language (to say nothing of the economic and social ills), something was bound to give. And it did.

When it was over, the Spanish-speaking population bluntly told police to ease up on strong-arm tactics and call off the dogs. Much of the blame fell on the shoulders of two officers. One of them, Patrolman Raymond Howard, had been accused of using excessive force in arresting two other Puerto Ricans last year. He resigned from the force on Tuesday.

Orlando Wilson, the intellectual superintendent of police, had hoped the summer of 1966 would be free of attention-getting violence. His hopes were shattered. And he had only 11 men to ask 65,000: *porque?*

AFL-CIO Foreign Policy

Dan Kurzman elsewhere in this issue describes the influence of the AFL-CIO, and particularly organized labor's "foreign minister," Jay Lovestone, on US foreign policy. Two examples are in the news. The US labor delegation to the International Labor Organization's conference in Geneva walked out when a Polish Communist trade unionist, Leon Chajn, was elected to preside; soon afterward, the US refused visas to a delegation which included six members of a Soviet trade union.

The absurd decision to walk out at Geneva was probably AFL-CIO President George Meany's. Why he made it, only he knows. The ILO has 150 member countries, both "free" and not-so. The AFL-CIO behaved sensibly under similar circumstances in 1955, when employer representatives threatened to walk out.

The visa refusal shows the hand of Mr. Lovestone. Presumably, the presence of these six Russians on American soil would be corrupting; they would be coming here under false colors for there are no true trade unions in the USSR, only agents of the government. By the same logic, Mr. Lovestone might be expected to oppose any cultural exchange with Communist countries, since party and government penetrate and pervade all aspects of life. Yet Mr. Lovestone is not against cultural interchange with Communists, so long as unions are not involved.

A face-saving formula may be worked out to get the Russian delegation admitted, perhaps next fall. Several high State Department and White House officials are known to be angry at the visa refusal; the blame has been assigned to a lower level State Department employee who was merely "following policy." But whose policy? The functionary seems not to have consulted with top officials nominally responsible.

For years, Walter Reuther and his brother, Victor, have been fighting this kind of blindness within the AFL-CIO. The Reuthers are as anti-Communist as Mr. Lovestone. But they are not refugees from Communism; they do not have the closed mind of the con-

spirator. Following the ILO walkout, Reuther wrote Meany a bitter letter criticizing the American labor delegation's action in Geneva; it was "unwise, undemocratic and unauthorized." Meany responded by calling a union executive council meeting last week to prove what needs no proof: he can control his council. But Walter Reuther would not be shut up. A reporter asked, "Mr. Meany, do you regard your disagreement with Mr. Reuther as amicable?" Meany looked down his huge cigar and scowled, "No."

Station House Confessions

Going well beyond the cases of the four convicted defendants before it on appeal (two had been convicted of robbery, one of rape and one of murder), the Supreme Court on June 13, in its 5-4 opinion by Chief Justice Warren, laid down far-reaching and comprehensive rules to govern station house interrogation of persons arrested or otherwise detained by state or federal police. Thus the Court intervened authoritatively, and in many ways decisively, in a controversy that has been raging since *Escobedo v Illinois*, exactly two years ago. Justice Arthur Goldberg, as he then was, held for the first time that an arrested person was entitled to see counsel of his choice in the station house, before formal proceedings began. This decision was hailed and deplored with astonishing intensity on all sides; it caused all concerned to wonder about the rights of that vastly greater number of criminal suspects who, unlike Mr. Escobedo, do not have counsel of their choice already retained and straining to see and advise them. They, too, the Court now holds, are entitled to counsel in the station house, and state and federal governments must bear the trouble and expense of providing counsel to the indigent suspect, just as they are obliged to provide counsel at a later and more formal stage to the indigent defendant.

In a sense, as applied to rather exceptional circumstances, the preceding sentence is an overstatement. If the police, while holding a man, are prepared to observe a vow of silence in their relations with him, no counsel need be provided. Nor must counsel be forced on a prisoner, even though he is to be interrogated, if he firmly and voluntarily decides that he doesn't want a lawyer. Nor, finally, need the police refuse to hear a perfectly voluntary confession blurted out to them at any time. But these are not very significant qualifications, in view of rules that the Court spelled out in great detail, virtually by writing a police manual for the period of prearrest detention. (Nothing, in the Court's opinion, however, need inhibit questioning of bystanders at the scene of a crime, or questioning of any person, including a suspect, who has not been

arrested or otherwise placed under police restraint.)

Here are the requirements the Court laid down: As soon as a person is taken into custody, presumably for whatever purpose – as a suspect or as a material witness, and certainly whether or not he has yet been booked – he must be informed "in clear and unequivocal terms that he has the right to remain silent." This is an absolute requirement; no admission or confession made by a prisoner in the absence of such a warning can be used in evidence against him. There must also be an equally clear warning that anything the prisoner may say will be used in court against him. The prisoner, in other words, must be informed not only that he may remain silent, but of the consequences of talking, should he choose to say anything. The prisoner must then be told unmistakably that should he choose to speak he has a right to see a lawyer first and to have him present during any interrogation, and that if he is unable to afford a lawyer, the government will get him one. This again is an absolute requirement. It doesn't matter whether the notion of a lawyer has occurred to the prisoner or not. In the absence of this warning, no admission or confession can ever be used in evidence. Once this battery of warnings has been administered, the prisoner is in a position to choose, and if he indicates in any fashion that he wishes to remain silent, "the interrogation must cease." If he indicates that he would like a lawyer, there can be no questioning until a lawyer is actually present and has had a chance to confer with him. A prisoner *may* decide both to speak and to dispense with counsel, but it is for the government to "demonstrate" that he did so "knowingly and intelligently." That cannot be easy.

The Court's basic holding is wise and sound and welcome – another long step in the process of civilizing the administration of the criminal law. To be sure, one may be put off, as were some of the dissenters, by the rhetoric of the Chief Justice's opinion, which every so often claims more by way of textual and historical support for its conclusions than can be found. But it is good policy, representing the natural and, it may be argued, the single possible self-consistent evolution of an adversary system of criminal justice, a policy not only compatible with the objectives of a sensible criminal code, but indispensable to their attainment. The countervailing considerations, proceeding from alarms about the rising crime rate and from unfounded assumptions about the necessities of the "war against crime," will seem to many to have been fairly discounted. A more valid objection to the Chief Justice's opinion would be that when the Court goes beyond the statement of basic principle, and beyond the requirements of the cases before it, and undertakes, as in this instance it did, to lay down rules of procedure in minute detail, it enters upon a function that it can-

not well or tolerably perform, both because of its electoral irresponsibility, and because of its remoteness, in Washington, from the varied problems of law enforcement across the country.

But the Court was alive to this objection, and guarded itself against it. The Court did not invoke the authority of the Constitution for the specific rules it formulated. "It is impossible for us to foresee," the Court said, "the potential alternatives for protecting the privilege [against self-incrimination] which might be devised by Congress or the states in the exercise of their creative rule-making capacities. . . . Our decision in no way creates a constitutional straitjacket which will handicap sound efforts at reform, nor is it intended to have this effect. We encourage Congress and the states to continue their laudable search for increasingly effective ways of protecting the rights of the individual while promoting efficient enforcement of our criminal laws." The Court thus explicitly declared its readiness to entertain alternative rules, "which are at least as effective."

It remains open, therefore, to various agencies—private, like the American Law Institute; semi-public, like the President's Crime Commission; and public, like the New York Police Department—to work up suitable alternatives. For one example, the Court leaves it somewhat ambiguous whether a policeman, having arrested a suspect on the street and administered the requisite battery of warnings, must then ride to the station house with him in total silence, or whether he may ask him an urgent question or two. It is arguable that this sort of questioning should be permitted. The Court indicates clearly that in the station house, if the suspect has asked for a lawyer, he may then not be questioned until the lawyer appears. But it does not necessarily follow that a procedure for questioning during that interval, properly safeguarded as, for example, by recording the questioning on TV tape, is necessarily unconstitutional. The decision does not foreclose further public and private, scholarly and administrative initiatives. It should act as a spur to them.

Studies in the Grocery

Last week's report on food pricing by the Bureau of Labor Statistics confirms what is widely known: Poor city people pay more for food because they often have no choice but to shop in small corner groceries which stock inferior merchandise at higher prices. They would be better off shopping in large supermarkets where there is a variety of quality goods at lower prices, but there are few supermarkets in the slums.

This BLS study coincides with an effort by Mrs. Esther Peterson, the President's adviser on consumer

affairs, to focus public attention on the high prices paid by the poor. When she took this inequity up in 1964, there was little interest in consumer problems at the White House. (Since then, consumer legislation has come to be viewed as a relatively inexpensive way, during an expensive war, of making hay before an election.) The poverty program was still trying to get on its feet and was no help. Congressional committees expressed no curiosity. Left with little political room to turn around in, Mrs. Peterson finally persuaded the Food Marketing Commission to hire the BLS to make a study, which at least got the matter out into the open.

The BLS performed this research in a most unusual way. One of the side objects of the study was to see whether food stores within a chain charged more in poor sections than in the better-off neighborhoods. Before making its survey the BLS got in touch with the headquarters of the various chains and asked their cooperation. The supermarket people were told which cities were to be surveyed and were given the dates of a two-week period during which the study would be done. The BLS arranged with the chains for its representatives to call at the individual stores at a time when the managers would be free to show them around. While the Bureau alerted chain stores to what it intended to do, it did not so inform the independent stores. The BLS people walked in on them and noted prices. From the start, the research was loaded in favor of the chains.

Thus it is not surprising the BLS found no significant price differences among chain stores located in poor- and upper-income areas. What differences they did find were accounted for by the store managers, who said they had not had time to put up new price lists sent from headquarters.

The BLS conclusions are basically the same as those of the United Planning Organization, the Washington, D. C., poverty program. It made a similar price survey in district stores last fall. The UPO did not tell the chain stores in advance what it was up to, but on entering the stores to record prices, the buyers presented the managers with letters of introduction from the UPO and the National Association of Food Chains, which helped sponsor the project.

Two years ago, a few friends and I made a brief, unscientific survey of prices in some Safeway stores in Washington, D.C. Safeway is the largest chain in the city. Pat generalizations were hard to make, but the meat and vegetables looked shoddier in small stores of the chain in poor sections, the prices were sometimes higher than in Safeways in well-to-do sections, and there was less variety. But there was no doubt then that Safeway was a much better bet than the little "mom and pop" corner grocery stores. Since then Safeway has opened some new and larger stores in poor

sections of the city; officials at the UPO feel that as a result of their inquiries on prices, the chain seems to have taken an added interest in keeping stores in the slums up to snuff.

Recently in Washington, a group connected with the poverty program and the civil rights movement has been hard after the Greenbelt Consumer Services, Inc., the biggest co-op of its kind, to open up some stores in the slums. (The Greenbelt co-op is located in the Washington suburbs.) They made their own quick survey which showed that a list of six small items could be bought at the co-op for 89 cents; at a chain store in the District for \$1.06 and at a corner "mom and pop" for \$1.58. However, the insurgent group who wanted the co-op in the District was badly beaten in a campaign for election of co-op directors. It will take some doing to woo the co-op from its safe, profitable suburban business into risking it in the slums.

People in the slums, of course, pay more for other things beside food. Mr. David Caplovitz in his book, *The Poor Pay More*, runs through a list of such items and describes merchandising practices. Last year in New York City, a citizens group led by William Haddad found that consumers in low-income Negro areas paid more for medicines than those living in upper-income white sections. Recently, the Office of Economic Opportunity hired the BLS to make a survey of what prices poor people pay for clothing and household appliances.

While Washington has been intrigued for about three years with the idea that the "poor pay more," it has produced little more than studies. Through its community action programs, the Office of Economic Opportunity is in a position to bring down materially the price of food and other goods in the slums. It can fund credit unions which provide cheap loans; start co-ops to stock and to sell products at lower prices. It can organize buying clubs where people on a block join together to purchase at wholesale markets. It can hire buses to transport people to good supermarkets. But the OEO moves at a snail's pace. In the two years since OEO began operations it has funded but nine city co-ops and 25 credit unions. Out of 892 community action programs, there are but 30 buying clubs. The OEO goes in more for consumer education programs, of which there are 75. Home economists and other specialists tell women on welfare how to pick out a good cut of meat or the bargain in a pound of apples. Sometimes they take an experimental buying trip. Sometimes they bake a cake. In this way the women on welfare learn how to pretend they are middle-class housewives — but they're not middle-class housewives; they have hardly any money, and the price of food is not coming down.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

The Kennedys at Home Have a Few Problems

Of all the causes espoused by the Kennedy brothers, reform of their own state parties has not been their favorite. Senator Robert has begun to move in this field in New York, but at the very same time his younger brother Edward was washing his hands of Massachusetts primary politics.

New York's Democratic Party functions much as it did a century ago, with the boss system entrenched in Buffalo, Albany and most of New York City. Fights with reform Democrats so vitiated the party, that by 1964 the bosses welcomed Bobby as a savior. "Kennedy represents power and these guys are attracted to power like moths to a flame," explains a new suburban boss, John F. English, party chairman of Long Island's Nassau County.

In Massachusetts, the reform movement has not fought against the party organization but has instead tried to create one. The tong wars of personal organizations have reduced party affairs to a shambles. Since 1956, the state committee has been a holding operation on behalf of the Kennedy family. When Teddy arrived on the scene, he was anathema to most reformers who believed in building a new party from the bottom up, rather than "starting at the top." A small group of professors, including Robert Wood of MIT, now Undersecretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, agreed to support Kennedy if he would revitalize the party. He was specifically asked by reformers to strengthen the state convention system, hampered by a wide-open primary in which convention results are often overturned. This year, although the convention favorite for governor seemed to be his rival of 1962, Edward J. McCormack, Kennedy insisted on "Meet the Press" March 6 that he "would be delighted to support Mr. McCormack" if the latter were chosen by the convention. Then, hours before McCormack won the convention, June 11, Kennedy demanded the nomination of "reform" candidates for lieutenant governor and attorney general. Otherwise, he said, he would not support the convention slate. Since Kennedy's proposed ticket could not legally be offered at that late date under convention rules, his subsequent proclamation of neutrality was regarded with suspicion and contempt by most Democrats, even among his band of allies from 1962.

Many of Teddy's supporters and detractors see the hand of brother Bobby in the candidacy of Kenneth P. O'Donnell, who will run against McCormack in the primary as "a new face" in a reform tradition. O'Don-

nell has been warmly praised by the junior senator from New York, but not by the junior senator from Massachusetts.

The advice given Teddy to stay aloof from the Massachusetts scene came from the same mentors now counseling Robert Kennedy to engage himself in party reform in New York, specifically, William J. vanden Heuvel and Milton S. Gwirtzman, who write speeches for both senators. Both were involved in Teddy's decision to support Francis X. Morrissey for a federal judgeship last fall. They are now working actively, along with Stephen Smith, the famed brother-in-law, for a Kennedy judgeship candidate in Manhattan. The surrogate justice who supervises wills and estates on the richest island in the world doles out large fees to lawyers. These fees have traditionally been regarded as patronage for lawyers associated with the New York County Democratic Committee, more informally known as Tammany Hall. With a new surrogate judge to be elected this year, Tammany leaders agreed with Republican sachems to support the same man. This "deal" enraged reform Democrats, as well as bosses of New York's Liberal Party. The reform Democrat-Liberal alliance felt powerless, since the June 28 primary is attended mostly by "regular" Democrats. Suddenly, Bobby Kennedy endorsed a reform candidate for the job, giving new life to the reform movement and, incidentally, putting the obscure race on page one.

So Bobby, while off in South Africa, became a champion of judicial reform, as well as a hero to reform Democrats, the only group in the party which troubled him in 1964. The current Manhattan surrogate contest, besides marking Kennedy's first intraparty open involvement, is a lineal descendant of the Morrissey affair. Robert Kennedy's candidate for a federal judgeship — sure to be scrutinized in the Morrissey afterglow — is Anthony Travia, speaker of the state assembly, a "Wagner Democrat" and a rival for hegemony in Brooklyn with the senator's friend, boss Stanley Stein-gut. Travia's absence from active politics would remove complications in Kennedy's path to total party control in New York State.

Of the candidates for governor in New York, the Democratic "morning line" favorite is city council president Frank O'Connor, a prodigious vote-getter who ran 300,000 votes ahead of Mayor Lindsay last fall. O'Connor shares with McCormack of Massachusetts an ostentatious friendship with Vice President Humphrey. O'Connor makes well-publicized visits to Humphrey; McCormack has been known to bump aside dignitaries at the airport to be photographed with the Vice President whenever Humphrey arrives in Boston.

Will Bobby support O'Connor for governor, a favorite of most bosses, or Eugene Nickerson, Nassau County executive, now gaining support from reform

Democrats? Nickerson aided his cause by his early position in January, 1964, on the Kennedy-for-Senator bandwagon. O'Connor's victory might diminish the legend and reality of national Kennedy power.

Whatever Bobby's course, it will certainly be different from Teddy's in Massachusetts, where McCormack, because of Kennedy's abdication, will probably direct party affairs for at least four years. McCormack's theory on 1972 is well developed. "In any contest between a Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey, despite my friendship with Hubert Humphrey, I'd be with the Kennedy," he told me.

The counsel given both brothers by common advisers makes room for only one strong leader and puts Teddy in the back seat. But if the "Making-of-the-President" syndrome is removed from their roles in party leadership, the Kennedys appear as different men. Bobby, with 10-years experience in big-league politics and a lingering reputation for ruthlessness, is moving gingerly in a situation ripe for take-over. Teddy, at age 34, seems lost in the paleolithic vastness of Massachusetts politics.

MARTIN F. NOLAN

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The Meredith Pilgrimage

Beware State Police Bearing Protection

With the Mississippi March

There is something artificial about the James Meredith Mississippi March, what with the flashing blue light of a state highway patrol car — the traditional enemy — leading the way down Route 51. The spectacle of Gov. Paul Johnson's renowned rednecks directing traffic with restraint, if not courtesy, toward the marchers is nearly as arresting as the march itself. The army of state and local police, Justice Department observers and television cameramen keeping watch over the rag-tag flock, makes this expedition into darkest Mississippi seem at times a colossal oversell.

For all the outward artificiality, of course, the march already has said something about Mississippi. That such a massive police effort is required to assure the safety of a group of people pledged to nonviolent demonstration is as much a commentary on the state as the swinging billy of a state patrolman operating au

naturel. But in general, the governor and the white segregationists have stolen a major weapon of the cats in the Meredith march. They are cooling it. In so doing, they have obliged the march's leaders to make adjustments that will produce more tangible results.

At Batesville toward the end of the first week, the leaders buoyed the sagging march by rounding up about 50 unregistered Negroes and taking them to the Panola County courthouse — "this courthouse," one march leader intoned on the steps, "that is symbolic of all the evils that have haunted Negroes throughout the South." By good fortune or good canvassing, a 106-year-old Negro man was produced from the crowd and placed on the rolls by Ike Shankle, the county clerk and registrar. Shankle was fuming about the presence of TV cameras in his office and he had them and their brassy bearers removed after one registration. But he did sign up all those Negroes who came, just as — according to a Justice man on the scene — he had been doing. He was warned that if there were any recriminations against the newly registered voters after the march moved on, "we're going to turn around and come right back." The marchers cheered. They had precious little else to get worked up about, so cooperative was the enemy.

At night, when the marchers turn off Route 51 and raise two large sleeping tents, the accommodating Mississippi state police establish checkpoints and patrol the area until daylight. Not quite buying the official hospitality yet, the march leaders post their own patrols on a close-in perimeter, complete with walkie-talkies. Cars are parked facing wooded areas, their headlights focused to spot troublemakers. The marchers constantly are reminded that "out there" the protection is mostly white Mississippians.

Leon Hall, a staff worker for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and a veteran of Selma, is the captain of line marshals. He tells his subordinates that the outward calm notwithstanding, "you're sitting on a powder keg." He hints that things will get worse. "You're in Mississippi," he reminds them, "and I don't care where you come from, if you haven't worked in Mississippi you don't have any idea how bad it can get." He tells them not to depend on the state patrol cars. "If you see some crackers cruise by two or three times, tell us about it. Them crackers may have the back seat loaded with guns and the police ain't gonna check them." He instructs the line marshals to keep the women and children in the center and put "the biggest cats you got" at the tail end.

Hall also warns his marshals that the time may come when the march will turn to passive resistance — sitting down on the highway and blocking traffic. Unless marchers are disciplined and have confidence in their marshals, he tells them, they may panic when the

order to sit-in comes, and some will get hurt. He dismisses the state patrolmen's restrained conduct as "a mask covering the real image of the state of Mississippi." He tells the marshals the task of the march is "to strip away the mask and reveal that image for all the world to see." Hall won't tolerate being killed with kindness, or even civility. "I work for the King Construction Company," he tells them, "and I'm building the new South." (Don Smith, a CORE staffer who handles the march's public relations, says Hall is only being speculative, but he observes that passive resistance and sitting-in are "within the dynamics of the march." Rough treatment by the cops or refusal to register voters might call for the tactic, he says.)

In spite of Hall's strong words, there is every indication the march leaders have wanted to avoid trouble. Hall himself lectures his marshals about the need to police their own ranks. If state patrolmen find even a fingernail file on a marcher, he warns, he can be booked for carrying a concealed weapon and can discredit the whole march. Marchers should not carry even glass jars of water because they could be used as weapons.

Internal caution is required for reasons other than the potential of unfair police charges. Though the march itself is predicated on nonviolence, some who challenge the tactic's effectiveness are taking part. Hall tells his men that some Deacons for Rights and Justice, the Negro armed vigilante group, are marching; they are welcome as long as they have left their weapons home and have agreed to remain nonviolent for the duration, no matter what. There also may be some "Friday-Saturday night street corner boys" down from Northern cities, he says, and if they can't toe the line they are to be thrown out.

The commitment to pure nonviolence is regarded by some as a victory for Dr. Martin Luther King over the new leadership of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, which too advocates nonviolence, yet with a proviso for self-defense in case of attack. SNCC members have agreed not to retaliate if trouble comes, but they make clear it is an accommodation for the sake of unity, not a change in basic belief. In a crisis, they might have trouble living up to the pledge.

Thus, though heavy police protection dispels outward tension, the ingredients for an explosion have been here. The short-fuse elements in the march may require spelling-out; those among white Mississippians do not. "Don't forget you're in Mississippi," the marshals and the marchers constantly are reminded. There is no explanation of the statement, and none seems to be needed.

JULES WITCOVER

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MOYERS

It is the fashion to describe Bill Moyers as *primus inter pares* on the White House staff. This is not accurate. He is *primus*. As President Johnson's closest aide, he has become the second or third most powerful official in the US government, ranking after Mr. Johnson himself and possibly Secretary of Defense McNamara.

Bill Moyers no less than his chief is in the classic parvenu tradition. His father, a cotton chopper, candy salesman and truck driver by turn, is now a time-keeper at an ordnance plant near Marshall. Moyers' alma maters – North Texas University, the University of Texas, Southwestern Theological Seminary – will never challenge Harvard. A year at the University of Edinburgh supplied some polish, but Moyers' chief assets are brains, drive, persistence – and a big assist from an older "new man," Lyndon Johnson.

White House aides stick loyally to their litany: they have no influence, the President is the whole show. Even this President, however, for all his preoccupation with detail, must let others do things in his name. He keeps everyone on a rein, but Moyers has the longest rein, the most leeway. Thus, he picks up the telephone and tells a senior diplomat that he can have "either Prague or Belgrade" as his next assignment. Another call goes to a key cabinet member, to thank him for an enjoyable dinner the night before and to check an important Vietnam matter. He is acting under the President's instructions or anticipating a Johnson request. But Washington's supersensitive antennae pick up the message: Moyers speaks most often for the boss.

Mr. Johnson, about to go under anesthesia for a gall bladder operation, leaves to Moyers (then 31 years old) the crucial decision on whether the President is incapacitated and whether authority should be transferred temporarily to Hubert Humphrey. The relationship between Mr. Johnson and his special assistant-press secretary goes beyond explicit instructions to the deeper stratum of tacit understanding. "Moyers has the absolute confidence of the President," is the flat assessment of one associate.

A White House staff member, nominally equal to Moyers in rank, is asked a question at a background briefing. He hesitates, looks at Moyers and then says he will answer it "if it is okay with Bill." Among the seven men who, with Moyers, comprise the inner core of the White House staff – W. Marvin Watson, Joseph A. Califano Jr., Jake Jacobsen, Douglass Cater, Robert E. Kintner, Harry C. McPherson Jr. and Walt W. Rostow – Moyers is "the person with the first and last lick at everything before it goes to the President."

"Three out of five times," one White House aide says, "the President will take Moyers' advice over anyone else's on the staff."

Not the least measure of Moyers' stature has been his "benign and mature" influence on the President's over-florid style. The freewheeling, ambulatory press conferences around the White House lawn, with their indiscreet remarks and hurtful jibes, are largely a thing of the past. The President's tone in news conferences and private conversations has been perceptibly more restrained since Moyers became press secretary.

On a recent occasion when Mr. Johnson slipped from grace, reporters attached considerable significance to the fact that Moyers was not on hand. The President flew to Chicago last month to address a Democratic fund-raising dinner and there unburdened himself of some unconscionable language. He assailed his Vietnam critics as "nervous Nellies" who "become frustrated and bothered and break ranks under the strain and turn on their own leaders, their own country and their own fighting men." The day before the speech, Moyers hurt his head in a fall. He did not make the trip and did not see the final draft. The best evidence is that Mr. Johnson added the "nervous Nellies" language en route to Chicago, giving rise to a remark later that "Moyers falls down the stairs and we get a Chicago speech."

There are few visible chinks in Moyers' moral armor. "He is an honest-to-God do-gooder," says a colleague. "I have never found a time when Bill Moyers has deceived me or undercut me," says another. He can see three questions ahead. He is also a good disregarder: "He does the important stuff and doesn't get bogged down in staff details. That way he keeps himself free for the President's business. He has an almost intuitive ability to put himself in the President's shoes, anticipating what he will need."

Although Moyers has increasingly centered his attention on foreign policy, especially since the resignation of McGeorge Bundy, he is a generalist whose range encompasses problems from civil rights to foreign aid to nuclear proliferation. His list, however, is always blue-chip, and he eschews the detail work of coordinating staff operations; that chore is devolving on a new addition to the staff, Kintner.

Mr. Johnson calls Moyers "my vice president in charge of everything." Last year he had prime responsibility for assembling the Administration's legislative program by pulling together the recommendations of the various presidential task forces. This year, with

most of the big bills out of the way, Califano took over the legislative job, giving Moyers more time for foreign affairs. He divides this role with Rostow, who handles the operational side as de facto head of the National Security Council staff, Bundy's old job. Senior officials in some key foreign policy agencies are grumbling that the dual setup is confusing; they say there is no "cutting edge" on foreign policy in the White House since Bundy's departure.

Because he exercises a self-control amounting to opaqueness, the essential Moyers is hard to come by. Like the President, he is a convinced consensus man; he would rather spend two hours working out a problem in a meeting and have everyone go away happy than dispose of it in a few minutes and risk dissatisfaction. Like Mr. Johnson, too, he is more an implementer than an idea man, though he is quick to recognize ideas, assemble them into packages and assess their impact. In the domestic arena, he subscribes without reservation to the Johnson program of social welfare legislation, and when he is asked to sum up his philosophy he points to a Thomas Jefferson quote: "The care of human life and happiness is the first and only legitimate object of good government."

In foreign affairs, Moyers is publicly as orthodox as Dean Rusk, but there seems to be a glint or two below

the surface, a hint of a more spacious view. It was Moyers who persuaded Mr. Johnson to keep a line of communication open to Juan Bosch during the Dominican crisis, by sending John Bartlow Martin to talk to Bosch in Puerto Rico. This was at a time when the Administration was saying that Bosch was a nice fellow and all that but just not up to our anti-Communist standards. And more than the rest of Johnson officialdom, Moyers seems willing to acknowledge that the US has failed to get its Vietnam message across to the rest of the world, although he finds no fault with the message itself, Munich analogy and all.

Most White House reporters agree that he manages to stick to the motto his father gave him: "Always tell the truth, but if you can't tell the truth, don't lie." Now and then, he shaves the truth pretty thin, but with his immediate access to the President, he is unquestionably the best press secretary since James C. Hagerty. If he does not want to answer a question, he looses words that dance around the main subject without laying a glove on it. But there is usually some substance in what he does say.

Sincerity is one of his stocks in trade, patience another, and calmness—sometimes to the point of blandness. Unlike his boss, he has never been known to lose his temper. He handles Mr. Johnson simply by waiting for him to run down, which does happen, and then dispassionately dissecting the matter under discussion.

"Moyers men" are starting to show up here and there in government—in the antipoverty program, the Peace Corps and the White House—which suggests that Moyers is taking the long view. But he can afford to wait. A few weeks ago, he turned down the presidency of a small liberal arts college, before that several more lucrative offers, and he harps on the theme that it is important not to take oneself too seriously.

In this respect, he practices what he preaches. With his Mexican cigars and his Texas-style Watusi, he is the despair of his hard-shell brethren. He is the first practical joker in the White House in many a moon. On one occasion, a staff member got a letter from a prominent senator "raising hell with something I'd done and praising Moyers." The "senator," it turned out, was Moyers. With the connivance of former aide Jack J. Valenti, Moyers perpetrated a phony Associated Press story telling of deep dissension between Valenti and Richard Goodwin, then a presidential speechwriter. A witness recalls that Goodwin, when shown the fake dispatch, cried, "it's a dirty lie," and prepared to turn in his resignation, "while Bill just sat there and looked like a pious Baptist minister."

JAMES DEAKIN

MR. DEAKIN covers the White House for The St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



"Ah-h! That sounds better."

Poor Politics

by Andrew Kopkind

Congress declared war on poverty in 1964 and has been trying to withdraw from battle ever since. Like the other war, this one is frustrating, expensive and, in a sense, unwinnable. But the President is determined to press on, and Congress follows, grumbling. This year's amendments to the 1964 Economic Opportunity Act and money authorizations for next year—at least in the form passed by the House committee—follow the pattern of one step forward, three steps back.

"The idea that the war on poverty was going to restructure American government was false," Rep. Sam Gibbons of Florida, the Democratic floor manager of the House bill, said recently. "The idea of building up a kind of new constituency on the basis of wealth or the lack of it was creating a caste system and a whole new layer of government. I want to bring the people in poverty into the *mainstream* of the society and the economy and politics. We can't create a special class of people on the basis that they're poor."

Gibbons represents the fears of most of his colleagues in both parties. "The idea of 'community action,'" a Democratic member of the Education and Labor committee (which considers antipoverty bills) said, "causes a tremendous amount of anxiety around here. We can't get our hands on the concept!"

The bill clings to the President's request for \$1.75 billion to fight poverty in this year of an escalating war in Vietnam. That is about \$500 million less than the Office of Economic Opportunity requested to provide for the growth of programs already established. The cutbacks are all in the most politically vulnerable departments: the Community Action Program (CAP) would get only two-thirds of its 1966 authorization in vital unrestricted funds. Research, training and demonstration—the main source of new ideas in the antipoverty fight—would go from a projected unrestricted \$115 million to only \$20 million. The tendency is to earmark money for specific programs, to allow the OEO minimum leeway; kitties are set aside for "safe" projects like narcotics addict rehabilitation, emergency loans, and the like. More than that, the amendments set up a system of priority funding: Head Start, for instance, has to get all its appropriation before any of the other Community Action projects can be funded.

Congress never cottoned to the experimental side

of OEO, and the committee report makes it clear that although there may be more errors, there will be fewer trials: "The . . . amendments will take maximum advantage of those programs offering the greatest opportunity for success." Members interpret "success" generally in terms of noncontroversiality. The Head Start network of preschools, and the Neighborhood Youth Corps for the idle poor, will be expanded and, for most purposes, that will be the substance of the war on poverty.

There is no telling what effect preschools and youth training will have on the 48 million people now living in or near the "poverty line." The Youth Corps' "success" so far has been thin: 60 percent of the youths have dropped out of the program; 15 percent have left to go back to school, 4 percent went to military service; 21 percent found employment, but not primarily in public service jobs for which the Corps presumably trains them. The long-range effect of Head Start is unknown; preschoolled youngsters seem to perform better for a while, but most experts say that hard evaluation still needs to be done. The amendments do provide for a larger program of training the "chronically unemployed" (including those with criminal records) for jobs in public service and the "helping professions." But so far it is little more than a demonstration project. The Job Corps—which has taken almost lethal doses of criticism from both parties for its expensiveness, waste and confusion—will get less money and, by law, more trainees, including a higher ratio of women (at the insistence of Congress' leading feminist, Rep. Edith Green of Oregon). Some congressional program analysts think that costs will go up next year (they range from about \$5,000 to \$39,200 per trainee).

By and large, the "thrust of the bill (as a congressional aide said) is pro-big city and anti-rural; pro-youth and anti-elderly; pro-Labor Department and anti-OEO; pro-congressional control and anti-executive flexibility." Youth Corps, Job Corps, job training and Head Start all will help the cities; programs for rural areas have been cut or transferred to other agencies. The expanded projects generally leave out old people. The Labor Department gets a big new chunk of antipoverty work (the Youth Corps is there). Almost everyone is now convinced that as a separate agency, the OEO is not long for this world. It cannot

hold its own against the vast power—at the grass roots and on the Hill—that the other departments have amassed.

The Johnson Administration certainly does not want to see its most ambitious Great Society adventure collapse. On the other hand, the problems it creates are at times almost too much to bear. The poverty war rages in the strongholds of Democratic Party power. Mayors, congressmen and party bosses worry that local programs are creating what Gibbons calls a “third force” in their communities. Some of the more sophisticated politicians have tried, with varying degrees of success, to master the new forces. Mayor Daley in Chicago seems to be succeeding; Adam Clayton Powell in Harlem seems to be losing his grip. But there is no sure test of mastery. Mayor Yorty put the lid so tight on the Los Angeles program that the pot boiled over.

Singly and in conventions assembled, local officials have complained that poverty boards were undercutting their authority. Such a complaint is a major source of friction, for instance, between the President and his old ally and friend, Governor Connally of Texas. Southern Democrats scream the loudest—the OEO has considerable potential for breaking patterns of segregation. The President winces at the cries of anguish. Last year, he had the devil’s own time fending off Senator Stennis’ attacks on the Child Development Group of Mississippi (NR, August 21, 1965), run by civil rights activists and poor Negroes.

But poverty also means money, and thus power, to local officials (Southern racist politicians have built huge empires from airports, dams, public works, and federal whatnot). They want more; all they ask is control. It is not uncommon in Washington to find politicians from the boondocks storming around OEO or the Executive Offices condemning the poverty program, and then meekly petitioning for more of it. The entire Oklahoma congressional delegation recently did just that. “I get the feeling,” an OEO aide said, “that they’re all saying, ‘stop it, I love it.’”

“All We Need Are Jobs . . .”

Obedient to the laws of physics as applied to politics, the Administration began last winter to move from areas of higher to lower pressure. In January, Representatives Gibbons and Powell (the Education and Labor chairman) met with the President to discuss the new poverty bill. They agreed to emphasize employment rather than Community Action. As it turned out, that did not mean a huge new program to create jobs. For Powell, it was a way out of a sticky business in HARYOU, the scandal-rich Harlem antipoverty organization. “We do not need any more experimental or

demonstration projects in Harlem,” the chairman said in a speech in his district. “All we need are jobs. That’s all. Jobs.” Republicans made the usual noise, but they know their place (they rarely attack HARYOU); Powell gives them more money than any other committee chairman does for minority salaries. He and the ranking Republican, William H. Ayres of Ohio, have a beautiful working relationship. Most of the Democrats on the subcommittee went along with the idea of scuttling Community Action (only Gus Hawkins, a Negro congressman from Watts, seemed uneasy, but he played along with Gibbons).

Meanwhile, the Republicans decided to make poverty a national political issue, on the perfectly reasonable assumption that something which has managed to antagonize both the middle class and the poor is too good a target to ignore. But from the beginning, it was unclear where the shafts were to be directed. Sen. Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania attacked from the right: the Job Corps was condoning “race friction, crime and violence”; the Mississippi Head Start project was mismanaged (he cited Senator Stennis as the source for his information); VISTA attracted dangerous youngsters who might “use this program to pursue ends of their own devising” (some volunteers had organized an anti-Vietnam march); and the whole OEO was bloated with bureaucratic superfluity.

Republicans on the poverty subcommittee, however, seemed to be hacking away from the other side. Albert Quie of Minnesota (he calls himself the “ADA’s Republican”) and Charles Goodell of New York were not above engaging in silliness; they blew up OEO boners into major disasters and attacked Chairman Powell for his frequent absences (“you can’t help the poor . . . from the Caribbean”). But throughout their periodic “poverty memos” they pushed hard for “participation of the poor.” In a note to Republican congressmen, Goodell proclaimed: “The only thing that can convert the poverty program into something different than another tired old welfare approach is involvement of the poor.” The Democrats were worried: “Quie and Goodell are way over to the left of me on this thing,” Gibbons said.

The Democrats don’t credit Republican congressmen with a large amount of sincerity in their sudden championing of the poor. They snicker at the GOP “Opportunity Crusade,” a substitute War on Poverty that would encourage private industry to tackle job training, distribute OEO agencies among other departments, set a standard one-third quota of “poor participation” in Community Action agencies, and connect poor people with jobs via computers. But taken all together, the national Republican attack (lately joined by Senate Leader Everett Dirksen and House Leader Gerald Ford) is broad enough to be embarrassing.

After the subcommittee chopped Community Action to the bare bones, the politics of poverty began to work peculiarly on the members. Powell and the liberal Democrats started to hear from their influential political friends who (spurred to lobbying by OEO officials) feared they might be cut off from federal dollars. Their arguments were unsettling – ghetto “explosions” and all that were in the offing. The Democrats quickly responded. At a party caucus of committee members, Powell succeeded in anteing up Community Action to a more respectable sum.

The bill is now wending its way through the Rules Committee, and it may get to the House floor late this month, or in early July. Sargent Shriver hopes to get

it through the House quickly and concentrate on the Senate, whose more sympathetic Labor and Public Welfare subcommittee (under Senator Clark) may be kinder to OEO.

New, controversial and independent, the OEO has not built up much of a following in Congress. Neither has the poverty program developed a strong constituency among the poor which could back up legislative demands with political pressure. The political equilibrium is still highly unstable; neither the OEO, congressional Democrats, the Republican opposition, the White House, nor the organized poor have enough power or will to make the war on poverty work, nor the mind to make it fail.

Lovestone's Cold War

The AFL-CIO Has Its Own CIA

by Dan Kurzman

Victor Reuther, director of international affairs for the United Auto Workers, told reporters after a visit to the Dominican Republic that the AFL-CIO was “unfortunately” supporting a “small and unrepresentative group” of Dominican trade unions and ignoring the larger democratic ones. Behind this casual remark simmers a bitter dispute within American labor. AFL-CIO President George Meany and his AFL cohorts support an “anti-Communist” foreign policy that is at least as rigid and narrow as that of the Goldwaterites; UAW President Walter P. Reuther and his followers accent political democracy and social reform abroad rather than negative anti-Communism. Their differences surfaced at the recent AFL-CIO convention in San Francisco when Meany men, to loud objections, demanded a resolution urging the Administration to step up its military activities in Vietnam. It was due only to Reuther’s unrelenting resistance that compromise was reached – leaving it all up to Mr. Johnson.

The man who pushed the “Meany resolution” was barely mentioned in news accounts. Jay Lovestone thrives on anonymity. Yet, few non-governmental fig-

ures wield so much influence over foreign policy. As director of the AFL-CIO’s international activities, which consume over 20 percent of the federation’s \$2 million annual budget, Lovestone is Meany’s foreign minister, with his own private network of ambassadors, aid administrators and intelligence agents. Labor attachés in key countries, or their assistants, are often more loyal to him than to their diplomatic superiors. Many of his agents overseas are believed to work closely with the Central Intelligence Agency. Considerable government aid money is channeled through his “ministry” – after he decides who deserves to receive it.

Meany entertains little doubt that Lovestone’s guidance is enlightened. For who should know better how to fight Communists than a founder and Secretary-General of the American Communist Party, as well as a founder of the Comintern? Lovestone’s attitude to Communism, of whatever variety, is that it must be completely isolated; “peaceful coexistence” is appeasement. Virtually unlimited force should be used to crush Communist “aggression,” whether in Vietnam or in the Dominican Republic. There is no real distinction between Soviet and Communist Chinese policies.

To CIO leaders, Lovestone is a man who, in his disillusionment, seeks the expiatory satisfaction of bringing

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down the pagan temple. He and his followers, they claim, envisage a world split into neatly defined Communist and anti-Communist spheres destined to meet at Armageddon.

Meany-Lovestone policies have bred antagonism not only inside the AFL-CIO but within the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU), which comprises many of the non-Communist world's important labor federations. Ironically, Lovestone was one of the leading organizers of the ICFTU, which was formed in 1949 to counter the strength of the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions (WFTU). Since the death of Stalin in 1954, however, most ICFTU union leaders have gradually moved toward the more accommodating policy of "peaceful co-existence," in line with the sentiments of their governments. In so doing, they have come into sharp conflict with the AFL-CIO leadership. And Meany, enraged by the ICFTU's refusal to approve his policies, shouted to an AFL-CIO executive committee meeting in March, 1965 that the world labor group is an "ineffective bureaucracy right down to the fairies."

Last July, the anti-AFL-CIO feeling found an explosive outlet at an ICFTU meeting in Amsterdam attended by some 300 labor representatives from almost 100 countries. To ringing applause, Louis Major, head of the Belgian Federation of Labor, replied to Meany's taunts. "In an organization such as ours," he said, "should not a large organization have to listen to what others have to say? Instead of pursuing a unilateral policy, should not we all listen to each other's experiences and ideas. . . . Do you not think we have a contribution to make?"

Even usually friendly Canadians got in the act. When Meany became involved in a heated dispute with them over the question of how many seats they should have on the executive board, they charged that he was out to humiliate them because they had not gone along as a "me-too colony." Nor did Meany have the support of even part of his own delegation on some of his proposals. Reuther, for example, voted with the majority against Meany on the relatively minor question of which of two Tunisian delegations should be seated.

Afro-Asian Unions

In debates on how to deal with labor in the underdeveloped world, Meany insisted that the ICFTU use its solidarity fund, which is largely contributed by the AFL-CIO, more speedily and efficiently to help build up unions in the Afro-Asian countries. By this he and Lovestone meant the money should be spent to foster anti-Communist sentiments, collective bargaining techniques and union independence from governments. Many European unionists objected. Their own unions

are often linked to political parties, so why shouldn't the unions of Africa and Asia have similar links. In fact, they argue, close collaboration between labor, parties and government is desirable in nations seeking swift economic and social development.

The Afro-Asian governments themselves are no longer anxious for the AFL-CIO presence in their countries, though American unionists were more than welcome in the postwar years when the organization supported their independence movements. Now they want to control their domestic unions. Nearly a dozen African unions have withdrawn from the US-dominated ICFTU in recent months and joined a neutralist federation. They haven't forgotten that in 1955 Meany called Jawaharlal Nehru an aide and ally of Communism.

In the hope of doing unilaterally what the ICFTU refuses to do multilaterally, one of Lovestone's top agents, Irving Brown, has set up an African-American Labor Center (AALC) with US government financial support. Designed to permit retention of an AFL-CIO foothold in Africa, this center has sponsored a tailoring institute in Kenya and a motor drivers' school in Nigeria. It is giving vocational training, planning communities, and building cooperatives and housing. It is also promoting "workers' education."

Many Johnson Administration officials are by no means jubilant about Lovestone's thesis that cold war tensions must not be relaxed unless the Communists agree to such unlikely concessions as the reunification of Germany on US terms, or the tearing down of the Berlin wall. Those government officials who wish to further "peaceful coexistence" with the Soviet Union and to build "bridges" to Eastern Europe through increased trade and cultural relations, did not appreciate, for example, AFL-CIO support of longshoremen who recently refused to load wheat intended for Russia.

Nevertheless, as one high US official told me, "labor is more a factor in the conduct of our foreign policy than anyone might have dreamed was possible a few years ago." (As already indicated, with his network of agents on both sides of the Iron Curtain, Lovestone is believed to be cooperating closely with the CIA, though he denies it. He maintains that, as a good American, he would naturally supply his government with information he might receive bearing on the national security.) So valuable is Lovestone regarded that the appointment of labor attachés in many embassies, including such key posts as London, Paris, Rome and Brussels, usually must receive his approval, according to responsible US labor sources. If the attaché is not a "Lovestone man," his assistant often is, and he realizes that the quickest way to advancement is to keep Lovestone posted on his superior's activities. A former labor attaché in a Latin American embassy said that he had refrained from meeting with local labor leaders not ac-

ceptable to the AFL-CIO for fear that Lovestone might find out.

In one recent case, an official in our embassy in Belgrade reported to Lovestone that an AFL-CIO employee was visiting Yugoslavia. On returning to Washington, the traveler, who was trying to get a job as a labor attaché, found that he had to explain to Lovestone why he went to Yugoslavia (he went as a tourist) and what his political views were.

Lovestone's critics in the AFL-CIO, the Labor Department and other government and non-government agencies are reluctant to speak a word against him, as I discovered, except in out-of-the-way restaurants and bars. Some used aliases when telephoning information. "I'd be branded as a Communist and lose my job if it were known that I spoke against Jay," one explained.

After a series of articles I wrote on Lovestone's international operations appeared in *The Washington Post*, Lovestone persuaded Labor Department officials and Leonard Marks, director of the United States Information Agency, to cancel plans for distributing the articles to US missions abroad.

Something of a Mystery

Lovestone's remarkable achievement in moving from the leadership of the American Communist Party to an informal position of power within the policy-making structure of the US reflects his extraordinary drive, resilience and political skill. A tough but distinguished-looking man with white hair and a large nose, Lovestone, despite his 67 years, often works up to 18 hours a day in his apartment in New York or in Washington.

Migrating with his parents from Lithuania at the age of 10, Lovestone graduated from the College of the City of New York. He spent the following years studying law and accountancy and working as a druggist, statistician, envelope-maker and social worker. Having joined the Socialist Party while still in college, he helped to split off the party's left wing and reorganize it into a Communist Party in 1919. He edited the official party newspaper, *The Communist*, and gradually worked his way to the top.

Even in the conspiratorial atmosphere of Bolshevik politics, he was, as he is now, regarded as something of a mystery. Benjamin Gitlow, who also defected eventually from the Communist Party, writes in his book, *I Confess*, that "not a man in the party knew anything more about him" than that he was unmarried. He was "a veritable Tammany chieftain among us Communists," Gitlow writes. "One of his most successful methods was to call a comrade into his office, tell him extremely confidential information, obtaining in return a solemn promise that the matter would not be disclosed to a soul. In that way he won the support of

numerous party members, who believed they were particularly favored by him. . . . He sold [Communism] with particular success to ambitious intellectuals, especially the naïve and the uninitiated, with the persistence of a Fuller brush salesman. . . . Lovestone seldom failed. Inside the party he high-hatted no one. He could stoop to the plane of the most backward party member."

After becoming Secretary-General, Lovestone, as a leader of the Comintern, went to its 1928 congress and supported Nikolai Bukharin in his struggle for power with Stalin. "I was not only a personal friend of Bukharin," Lovestone told the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1939, "but I had fundamental agreement with him on international questions, though on Russian questions I had agreement with Stalin and not with him."

In 1929, Lovestone confidently went to Moscow to plead his case after winning a 90-percent majority in a party election. "I had an illusion in which I was wrong – that I could change them, or convince them . . . not to declare war on us," Lovestone explained a decade later to the House committee. But the illusion was soon dispelled. Lovestone and other American Communist leaders were charged with promoting party factionalism and "exceptionalism," the doctrine that under special circumstances it is possible to diverge from the party line. On his return home, Lovestone found himself an outcast from the party on Stalin's orders. He did not abandon Communism, but established an opposition Communist Party whose members became known as Lovestonites. Finally, giving up on Stalin, Lovestone converted his group in 1936 into the Independent Labor League of America. A pamphlet he wrote called for the "establishment in the transition period between the capitalist and socialist societies of a workers' state – a dictatorship of, by, and for the workers, but free from the errors and terrors of Stalinism."

"Capitalism," Lovestone thought, "has succeeded in destroying almost all vestiges of freedom." He opposed "any war conducted by a capitalist government in Washington because such a war can be only reactionary and for imperialist ends."

But the Lovestonites bitterly fought the Stalinists in the labor unions in the late 1930's, supporting in this effort President Homer Martin of the United Auto Workers and David Dubinsky of the Ladies' Garment Workers' Union – ironically, since Lovestone had tried earlier to destroy Dubinsky's leadership.

In 1940, Lovestone disbanded his organization, gave up Marxism, and threw himself into the struggle against Hitler, taking a job as head of the labor committee of the American Committee to Defend America.

Dubinsky, fearful that the Communists would grab control of the world free trade union movement after the war, selected Lovestone to direct his trouble-shoot-

ing international relations department. Subsequently, Lovestone took on a second anti-Communist job, Executive Secretary of the Free Trade Union Committee, established by Dubinsky, AFL President William Green, Meany (then Secretary-Treasurer), and other labor leaders.

During the postwar years, Lovestone played a vital role in meeting Stalinist thrusts. His principal agent was and is Irving Brown. The two had met in 1932 at a socialist club meeting at New York University, and four years later Lovestone got Brown a job with the UAW. In 1945, he sent Brown to Europe on a trouble-shooting assignment. Brown stayed for 17 years.

Supplying European unions with money, typewriters and technical help, Brown managed to split some labor groups away from Communist-dominated labor federations in France and Italy. Though some critics say this simply gave the Communists complete control of the largest federations in these countries, it apparently prevented the success of general strikes that threatened to paralyze the Marshall Plan. Brown also financed and organized strong-arm squads to thwart Communist efforts to keep French stevedores from unloading ships carrying Marshall Plan goods.

Elsewhere, too, Lovestone's agents were active after the war. Harry Goldberg, an old Lovestonite, promoted free labor movements in India, Indonesia and Italy. Carmel Offi worked in the State Department, Benjamin Mandel for congressional security committees.

While the AFL was thus fighting Communism abroad, the CIO found itself in a dilemma. It had helped form the World Federation of Trade Unions, which included Communist unions. But, as the AFL had warned, the Communists came to dominate the organization, and in 1948, the CIO finally withdrew and joined the AFL in forming the ICFTU.

Latin American Agents

In Lovestone's vast international labor empire, no area gets more attention, advice, money and intelligence agents today than Latin America. Here, Lovestone works through two instruments. One is the Inter-American Regional Labor Organization (ORIT) – the Latin branch of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU) – which he and his agents dominate much as the US government dominates the Organization of American States (OAS). The second instrument is the American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD), which has its US government counterpart in the Agency for International Development (AID). The announced functions of this latter organization are to train Latin workers in democratic unionism and to provide housing, banks and other institutions for them. But many US and Latin American

labor officials view as one of the principal functions of both ORIT and AIFLD one that is unannounced – support of Central Intelligence Agency operations.

The willingness of ORIT members to accept almost all AFL-CIO recommendations, however reluctantly at times, is a welcome relief to Lovestone after the rebelliousness of some other ICFTU members. Nor is ORIT's work without merit. It teaches Latin labor leaders the essentials of democratic unionism at regional seminars, at a school in Mexico City, and through cooperation with outside educational institutions.

ORIT-trained pupils have won control of some unions that had been dominated by Communists and reduced Communist influence in others. Such leaders recently wrested from the Communists Honduras' Central Federation of Labor and Standard Fruit Company workers, Uruguay's port workers, and key El Salvadorean unions. In British Guiana, AFL-CIO advisers and funds helped in 1964 to derail a strike called by former Prime Minister Cheddi Jagan to force replacement of a democratic ORIT sugar workers' union with one that Jagan controlled as the sole union bargaining agent.

Like the US government, however, the AFL-CIO is reluctant to promote genuinely profound social change for fear that the Communists will turn a revolutionary situation to their advantage. It is a policy, naturally, that lends itself to the support of dictatorships in the name of anti-Communism, so long as the AFL-CIO is given a free hand in the "guidance" of local unions. Thus, the US labor federation has cooperated with "military dictatorships" in Honduras and Guatemala, where AFL-CIO activities are welcomed, but has snubbed what are referred to as "totalitarian dictatorships," such as Haiti, Paraguay and Spain, because these governments wish to monopolize control of their unions. The AFL-CIO has even indicated a preference for the forcible ouster of a constitutional government, if such a regime does not cooperate with it and the forces ousting it do. The AFL-CIO backed the military in last year's Dominican revolution, the goal of which was to bring Bosch back from exile to the presidency. Lovestone thought that the US had erred in sending the Marines to put down the Dominican revolution, rather than sending soldiers. Marines, he reasoned, have a bad reputation in Latin America for doing in the past exactly what they did last year. Otherwise, however, he staunchly supported the intervention.

The AFL-CIO's support of dictatorial regimes has a long, and sometimes ironic, history. When Col. Carlos Castillo Armas challenged the Guatemalan government of President Jacobo Arbenz, AFL-CIO representatives exerted enormous pressure on Latin American members of ORIT to pass a resolution endorsing Castillo Armas by name. The Latins finally agreed, though they did

not want to go on record as backing Castillo Armas, who had dictatorial ambitions himself. Subsequently, the Americans were embarrassed when the victorious Castillo Armas suppressed the union movement and would not cooperate with the AFL-CIO.

In the 1964 Brazilian revolution, Lovestone and ORIT, like the US government, threw their weight behind the new military regime immediately after it took office, and while it was arresting thousands of people and eliminating the political rights of others. The new Brazilian leaders, an AFL-CIO official explained, had promised to reform Brazil's labor system under which the government had long controlled the unions. But it soon became apparent that these leaders had little intention of changing this system.

"How did we know that we'd be double-crossed?" an AFL-CIO official lamented.

The AFL-CIO also backed the Cuban Confederation of Labor (CTC) during the regime of Fulgencio Batista, though this organization was one of the dictator's principal pillars of support. The CTC, when confronted with an ORIT resolution denouncing Batista and the CTC, found the AFL-CIO a loyal friend. Though faced with massive resistance, the American federation managed to eliminate from the resolution any condemnation of the CTC. As Latin pressure on the AFL-CIO increased and Batista's position weakened, Lovestone, in March, 1958, secretly sent Serafino Romualdi, then the AFL-CIO delegate to ORIT, to Havana to feel out rebel Fidel Castro on a "deal." Romualdi got CTC Secretary-General Eusebio Mujal to contact Castro and offer him the CTC's support if he would agree to let it retain its freedom, and presumably the AFL-CIO's tutorship. Castro ignored the offer, and when he took power, the CTC leaders fled and new democratic union leaders emerged. They cut relations with the AFL-CIO for having supported a Batista-controlled apparatus. In the view of some observers, Cuban labor might have been able to resist eventual domination by Castro, and possibly thwarted his betrayal of the Cuban revolution, if the democratic leaders had had AFL-CIO support.

Not surprisingly, former CTC leaders who had worked with Batista – and are suspected of having CIA connections – were soon attached to organizations backed by the AFL-CIO: Eusebio Mujal as head of the Central Cuban Workers in Exile in Mexico; José Artigas Carbonel, former CTC treasurer, as representative of the AIFLD in Central America; and Esteban Rustan, former Secretary-General of the Confederation of Bank Employees, as ORIT man in Costa Rica.

Lovestone's chief agent in Latin America is Andrew McLellan, editor of the *Inter-American Labor Bulletin* and the AFL-CIO delegate to ORIT. McLellan enjoys more independence than other Lovestone agents. His quick rise to his present important position despite a

limited trade union background is regarded by some AFL-CIO colleagues as more the result of ties with certain government agencies than of his labor experience. As tough as he looks, McLellan reports that in early 1963 "we actually had to fight the Communists in the streets" of Santo Domingo. Young rioters armed with bicycle chains took over the main shopping center of the city and threatened to smash the windows of any shops that opened. With McLellan's encouragement, "the port workers brought their hooks, which had a powerful psychological effect." A mob paraded with a casket bearing McLellan's name, but the streets were soon cleared.

Parallel Operations

To some degree, recent close coordination between his operation and the State Department's in Latin America can be attributed to McLellan's long friendship with Thomas C. Mann, until recently Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs. Mann is a native of Laredo, Texas. McLellan lived nearby and says he knew the Mann family. The two men worked together in El Salvador in the mid-1950's, Mann as Ambassador and McLellan as ORIT representative in Central America. They found much in common.

Hardly had Mann taken over as Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs under President Johnson than he invited McLellan and Lovestone to speak to his staff. Lovestone did most of the talking, vigorously taking issue, incidentally, with the thesis of Walt Rostow, then State's Policy Planning Council Chairman, that differences between the Soviet Union and Communist China are meaningful.

One indication of the regard in which the State Department has held Lovestone and McLellan was an effort to insert AFL-CIO influence in matters concerning the Organization of American States. This happened late in 1964 when OAS officials asked a finance committee to support the training of Latin American workers in development planning. The US representative suggested that they consult first with McLellan to make sure the program would not interfere with the AFL-CIO's activities. The officials reluctantly agreed to do so, and over lunch McLellan, after sharply questioning them, agreed to the plan. He suggested that they meet with him for regular consultations, but the officials, already nettled, saw no reason why they should consult with a private organization.

The close rapport between the AFL-CIO and the US government in their parallel Latin American operations, particularly their common "pragmatic" attitude toward political and social development, has hardly turned ORIT into a popular champion of Latin labor. US and Latin critics say that ORIT today, though embracing

six million of Latin America's estimated 15 million organized workers, has little real vitality and is regarded with disdain by many workers, including a large number within the organization itself. What mainly holds ORIT together, say these critics, is the willingness of the AFL-CIO, as in Europe and elsewhere, to pay cooperative union leaders well for their services – from what appears to be an inexhaustible kitty.

Lovestone and ORIT have also benefited from a scarcity of competition. Fidel Castro failed in one effort to set up a Communist-controlled rival confederation, though he may have better success with a new one that is designed for greater appeal to non-Communist workers. About two million workers, including the Cubans, now belong to Communist-dominated unions.

More popular, and perhaps the labor organization of the future, is the Latin American Confederation of Christian Trade Unions (CLASC), which attacks ORIT as a tool of US "imperialism." McLellan has replied that it is hard to view CLASC as non-Communist. Various attempts at reconciliation have failed. CLASC demands immediate social revolution, apparently including the use of force when necessary. It reflects the nationalism and the fear of American-style free enterprise that many Latin Americans feel. In short, it is a Latin-dominated and not a US-dominated organization.

Footwork in Guyana

In the face of such threats, Lovestone is counting on the AIFLD to help keep Latin labor in line behind his, or at least CIA, policies. As it is a strictly US organization, he can use AIFLD more openly for this purpose than he can the multilateral ORIT. The AIFLD is a non-profit institute administered by the AFL-CIO, but backed as well by 60 US business firms and the US government, which finances or guarantees about 80 percent of its program.

This program, since inauguration of the Institute in 1962, has produced about 400 graduates in democratic labor education from a training school in Washington, and some 2,000 graduates of schools in over a dozen Latin American countries. It has sponsored construction of a \$10 million workers' housing project in Mexico, embracing 3,100 units, and several hundred houses in Honduras. It has established a Workers' Housing Bank in Peru and provided over \$60,000 for "impact" projects, including food distribution and laundry co-operatives. In mid-May, urgent telephone calls from State Department officials to Meany elicited an AIFLD commitment of \$2 million for the building of over 500 houses in the newly independent nation of Guyana to get the US off on the right foot in that country.

Nevertheless, the AIFLD has made enemies in Latin America. The Costa Rican press recently castigated the

Institute for trying to impose what it called unjust conditions for participation in a proposed \$1.2 million housing program. It particularly criticized AIFLD insistence that the Institute determine which individuals will get the houses, feeling that they should not be distributed as possible offerings to "cooperative" labor leaders. Nor did the Costa Ricans hide their fury about a stipulation that they hire US rather than local engineers to design the houses.

In Argentina, labor leaders have all but given up on a \$10 million AIFLD housing project promised their workers in April, 1964. The first house has yet to be built. In the Dominican Republic, a US technician supervising an AIFLD housing project wrote AID officials that "the major defect in the planning of the project is that it was obviously designed to impress the USA with the tremendous impact of the AIFLD rather than serve the practical necessities of the Dominican Republic and Dominican labor."

The Institute's labor training program, in particular the policy of paying graduates almost a year's salary after they finish their course, has also drawn fire. How can such a labor leader go back to his union and run it independently, they ask? Nor is the image of "independence" enhanced, they say, when Lovestone and his agents boast that their pupils have participated in the overthrow of governments, however undesirable. Such a boast was publicly made, for example, following the ouster of Brazilian President Joao Goulart in 1964.

No less intolerable to the critics is the makeup of AIFLD's board of directors, which includes many big businessmen such as Board Chairman J. Peter Grace, who is not reputed for his friendly attitude toward labor. According to Lovestone and Doherty, their presence on the board offers an example to Latin American workers how capital and labor can cooperate.

In short, say the critics, though very quietly, the principal purpose of the AIFLD is not to build houses or to promote democracy, but to help the CIA gather intelligence and manipulate political forces. At least some persons working for the Institute are known to have been asked to cooperate with the CIA. They are told, one informant said, that "Latin America's social revolution must be diverted into proper channels." "Proper" means acceptable to Jay Lovestone.

"The tragedy is," one US labor authority said, "that the AFL-CIO, which has done so much to promote social reform in this country, is afraid to do as much for workers abroad for fear that too much change will play into the hands of the Communists. As a result, it has allied itself with the forces most disinterested, or opposed to, change – rightist dictators, espionage groups, corrupt labor leaders, and feudalistic politicians – the very people on whom the Communists are depending for ultimate victory."

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

What Did Happen in Dallas?

by Alex Campbell

Americans who go abroad are startled that many foreigners remain deeply skeptical of the official version of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. The Americans can't understand it; didn't the Warren Commission's Report close the case? As a matter of fact, no; the Report was careful to say that "because of the difficulty of proving negatives to a certainty the pos-

Whitewash
by Harold Weisberg
(Weisberg; \$4.95)

Inquest
by Edward Jay Epstein
(Viking; \$5)

sibility of others being involved with either Oswald or Ruby cannot be established categorically."

That greatly understates the areas of fuzz. In an article in *The New Republic* on December 21, 1963, called "Seeds of Doubt," Jack Minnis and Staughton Lynd wondered how a shot fired from behind could have wounded Kennedy in the front of his neck, how three shots could fire what seemed to be at least four bullets, and how a bolt-action rifle, subsequently ascertained to have a defective telescopic sight, could fire off three accurate shots in five-and-a-half seconds. Substantially the same questions still lacked satisfactory answers when the Warren Report appeared September 28, 1964, and still do.

There were over 100 eye-witnesses of the assassination, including trained observers - FBI, Secret Service and police; movie- and still-cameras recorded the event; the Warren Commission investigated for 10 months. Yet Harold Weisberg isn't far wrong when he writes: "There is no single thing that is proved beyond reasonable doubt about the marksman, the rifle, the ammunition, the shooting or the number of shots, except that the President was

killed . . . and Governor Connally was wounded."

Weisberg and Epstein have independently ransacked the 26 volumes of testimony and exhibits and the two FBI reports on which the Warren Report is based; additionally, Epstein interviewed members of the Commission and its staff, in pursuit of his master's thesis on government at Cornell University. He evoked some staggering admissions. The Commission seems to have done its job in an atmosphere of internal muddle and wrangling. The assistant counsel were deeply unhappy about the Report and tried hard to have it written differently. They felt they knew far more about the case than the seven Commissioners did. Epstein says "the entire task of ascertaining the basic facts of the assassination fell upon one lawyer - Arlen Specter." Wesley J. Liebler told Epstein most of the Commissioners were absent most of the time, that they would stop by the hearings "a few minutes," ask a question which "blew the lawyer's entire line of questioning," then rush out "to make

a quorum or something." Commission hearings began at 9 a.m. so Chief Justice Warren could officially open them before leaving for the Court at 10 a.m. The Commission averaged only seven hearings a month; only one was open to the public. The 10 months' investigation really boiled down to 10 weeks.

The staff lawyers were especially mad about the Commission's genteel handling of Marina Oswald. Norman Redlich complained that Mrs. Oswald "lied to the Secret Service, the FBI and this Commission repeatedly on matters which are of vital concern to the people of this country and the world," but the Chief Justice declared himself "a judge of human beings" and had faith in her. The staff lawyers derisively called her the seven Commissioners' Snow White. A tenth of the hearings was devoted to her testimony, but Epstein concludes the discrepancies in it "were never satisfactorily resolved."

The single most astounding thing that both Epstein and Weisberg fasten on after brooding over the 26 volumes of testimony has nothing to do with Marina, however. The Commission never saw the photographs and X-rays of Kennedy's body which were made at the autopsy as a matter of routine in a case of violent death. These were

The Amoeba

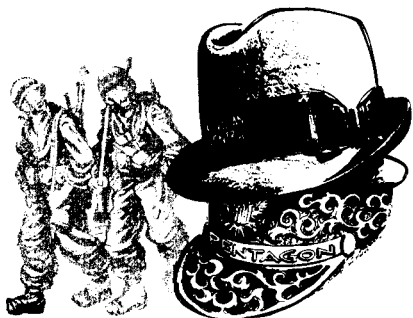
Mindless, meaning no harm,
it ingested me.
It moved on silent pseudopods
to where I was born, inert, and I
was inside.

Digestive acids burned my skin.
Enzymes nuzzled knees and eyes.
My ego like a conjugated verb
retained its root, a narrow fear
of being qualified.

Alas, suffixes swarmed.
I lost my mother's arms, my teeth,
my laugh, my protruding faith;
Reduced to the O of a final sigh,
in time I died.

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handed over to the Secret Service. Instead of seeing them, the Commission had to make do with an "artist's conception." Even this odd procedure mightn't have raised questions, since the Commission had a written autopsy report and listened to the man who signed it, Commander James J. Humes, the Navy pathologist. But the autopsy report and the "artist's conception" maintain that a downward-travelling bullet that entered the back of the President's neck came out the front of his throat, lower than the entry wound, and this is flatly contradicted by a chart of the body prepared by Humes himself during the autopsy; by the FBI's report on the President's wounds; by the actual bullet-holes in Kennedy's jacket and shirt; by Secret Service man Clint Hill who attended the autopsy; and by Secret Service man Glen A. Bennett, who saw a bullet hit the President's back (not neck) and to whose account the Warren Report claimed it gave "substantial weight." All of this contrary evidence plainly indicates a back wound six inches below Kennedy's neckline and made by a bullet that couldn't possibly have exited from the front of the President's throat unless it was travelling up and not down.

Weisberg points out that the Report showed absolutely no curiosity about those glaring contradictions. Epstein notes the Commission queried the FBI about some parts of its report, but asked no questions about the FBI's version of the autopsy findings.

The FBI said medical examination of the President's body showed that the bullet that hit him in the back penetrated "less than a finger length." The FBI implied this was the bullet found on a stretcher in the Dallas hospital. But the Commission had another use for this bullet. It said it came out the front of Kennedy's throat and then inflicted all Connally's wounds. According to the Report "there is very persuasive evidence from the experts" that this is what happened. There wasn't. Doctors and ballistics experts were wary of this theory and Connally himself and his wife thought the Governor and the President were hit by separate shots. The Report rejected their opinions and Norman Redlich, special assistant to the Commission's General Counsel, told Epstein why:

"To say that they were hit by separate bullets is synonymous with saying that there were two assassins."

Epstein and Weisberg are concerned with such unresolved mysteries as the number of shots fired at Kennedy and Connally, where the shots came from, Oswald's abilities as a marksman, Oswald's connections, if any, with the FBI and CIA. Both are concerned also with the Commission's arbitrary way with witnesses - it seemed to pay most attention to the ones it wanted to believe, and when it suited its book it was attentive to witnesses whose testimony it otherwise brushed aside. Mrs. Eric Walther and Arnold Rowland claimed they saw a second assassin and were passed over; much more weight was given the eye-witness testimony of Howard L. Brennan, the only person claiming to identify Oswald as Kennedy's assassin, though Brennan's testimony contained one major error of fact and he admitted to the Commission that he had lied to the police.

Weisberg notes that the killing of Patrolman J. D. Tippit also raised questions about the number of shots fired. The Warren Report didn't include an autopsy report on Tippit but said his body contained four bullets; however, the exhibits include a Dallas police case report that Tippit was shot three times, "one time each in the hand, chest and stomach." The Warren Report said that "five shots may have been fired even though only four bullets were recovered" from Tippit's body. The Report had to account somehow for a discrepancy between those bullets and the cartridge cases witnesses said they saw the killer discarding.

The FBI was still investigating the assassination when the Warren Report went to press. On September 16, 1964, the FBI finally tracked down, in California, a witness who was able to tell them about a man who closely resembled Oswald, called himself "Leon Oswald," was in Dallas about the time of the assassination, and was introduced to a Cuban family as "an expert shotman." Weisberg suspects this may have been the man who was seen practising with a rifle in Dallas, before the assassination. Whoever he was, he wasn't Lee Harvey Oswald.

Epstein does a scalpel job on the Warren Report. Weisberg, a former

Senate investigator, attacks more like a Marine with a machine-gun. Some of his shots are wild, but many of them inflict wounds, perhaps fatal. He admits the Warren Commission makes an easy target and that it failed to take cover. "There is a lemming-like quality to the performance of the Commission. It is almost as if they sought the destruction of their Report. Throughout its record

are dozens of places where they almost asked for this." Epstein helps explain why. Weisberg believes that "members of the Commission have substantial doubts." According to Epstein, the staff, not the Commission, did most of the work on the Report; and the staff certainly had doubts. The Warren Report may now have been shot to death and require a full autopsy.

pist and a phenomenologist. The labels are no less formidable than the work they intend: grappling with men's struggles to escape and find their own terms for living because there are now no other, and a steadfast insistence on defining that struggle in no other terms but those of subjective events. As a follower of Buber, Farber is not interested in ideological world views or what he would call mechanistic, "steam engine" causalities in the human condition. For him, humanness can be realized in an authentic dialogue between two people when they shed their manipulative self-consciousness, or in expressions of selfhood that prepare a way for that kind of responsiveness.

In trying to clarify how people claim and repudiate responsibility for relatedness, Farber has reclaimed the psychological study of will from its monopoly by scholastic and 19th-Century German philosophy. Medieval artisans left their sculptures unsigned on Gothic cathedrals; today each person is his own architect or he is nothing – or so he fears. According to Farber we suffer in sickness and in health from trying to will ourselves into being. Our culture enshrines efficiency and control and views human capacities as instruments. People twist their capabilities to their purposes, often brutally, and try to make their will, as Farber quotes Yeats, do the work that only their imagination, and their reason, judg-

Psychiatry and Existentialism

by Seymour Rubenfeld

The fact that modern man alienates himself from his own vital sources is nowhere more plainly shown than in his application of science to himself. The social sciences imagine him to be a particle obedient to a force field; the other behavioral sciences, including much of psychoanalysis, analogize him to a power plant that needs stoking, remodeling. Only art and common sense

The Ways of the Will:
Essays toward a Psychology
and Psychopathology of Will
by Leslie H. Farber
(Basic Books; \$5.95)

can abide the thought that he must also recreate himself. Technology applied to people is a self-fulfilling pridefulness which scorns this human necessity to conceive one's own ends. We already have Pavlovian, stimulus-response "therapies" that are proving themselves convincingly efficient in molding man to his most robotlike self-image. It is a work of cultural significance that refuses the jargon of machine science and considers modern pride and self-deception by themselves. Dr. Leslie Farber's book is such a work. For the first time a general readership has access to a collection of essays, some of which have already become classics among psychotherapists, about their experience of themselves moving their lives. Some passages have a beauty and poetry that lay readers have been led not to expect in the writings of psychoanalysts.

Dr. Farber's influence in American psychiatry has been significant and increasing. He has been among the im-

portant figures in the confluence of existential thought and psychotherapy during the past 15 years; his work on the therapist's despair, included in this book, movingly penetrates the anguished futility, sometimes occasioned by the very ill, that lies beyond all cure except the patient's pity.

Within his profession, Farber's ideas have been transmitted to psychoanalytic candidates and through the programs of the Washington School of Psychiatry. He began his career as a student of Harry Stack Sullivan, the most original theorist American psychiatry has produced. While Sullivan opened his discipline to constructs from the social and physical sciences, Farber has tapped the philosophical pool of Husserl, Heidegger and Buber.

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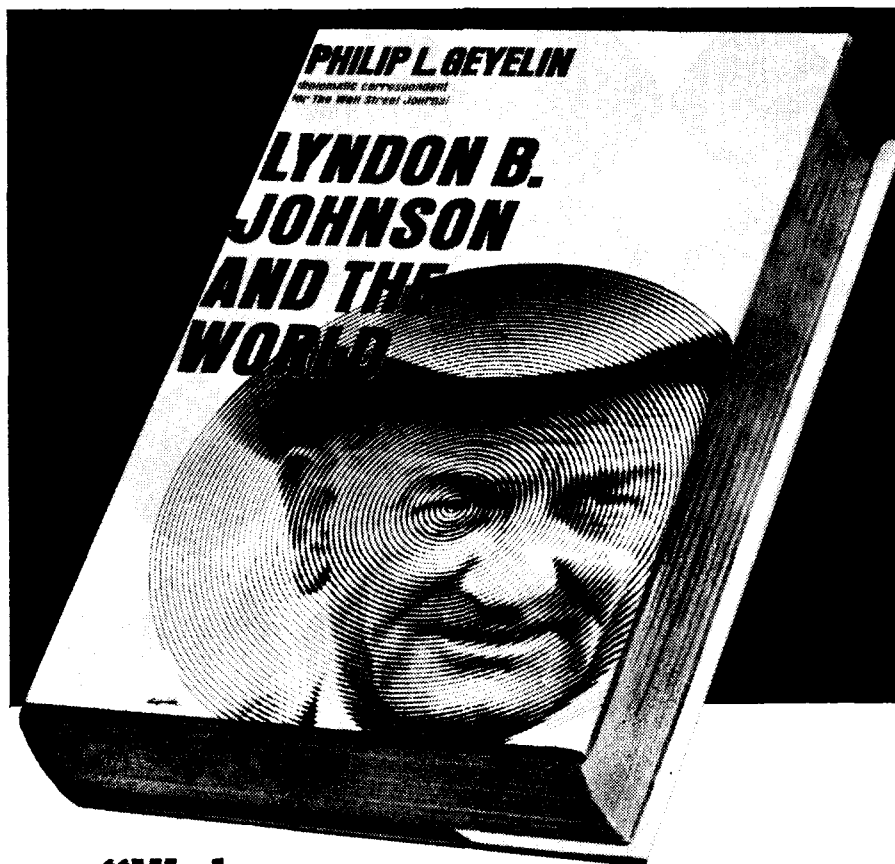
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ment, memory and empathy can in fact do for them.

A person's will, enslaved in this way to its object, is isolated from his other faculties, since reason and imagination cannot be forced. Such people can only pretend to have the wit, courage and humility, and the concern and love which can only come from true engagement with themselves and others. They try to compel in others similar pretenses or compliance to their wishes by posturing or coercion. People growing up and existing in such atmospheres of willfulness come to believe that all living is a power contest and fail to develop their other resources. Some of the gravest psychiatric symptoms, in obsessionalism, hysteria, schizophrenia and suicide, are a tyrannical will's masks for deficiencies of language, knowledge and awareness and for moral failures because of these deficiencies.

Farber's conception of anxiety is similarly radical. Anxiety is the distress that comes from willing those subjective states that cannot be willed. He confronts us with the remarkable ethical-psychological paradox that men experience their greatest freedom when their whole beings are commanded by their purposes, and are bondslaves when they try to force an individualistic singularity on themselves. To him, the addictive trends in the culture, to tranquilizers, LSD and alcohol, are attempts to obliterate the anxious void people feel between what they are and are not, and what they wish they were. The viewpoint is a deeply moral one. Its exploration of will turns away from the determinism of technology and psychoanalysis—the "I-am-this-way-because" coinage of so much of our interpersonal currency—and seeks redemption for the spirit in personal responsibility.

Some of the writing wants the compassionate knowledge that Farber and other gifted therapists have, that life experiences may so deprive a person of affirmations of his human qualities that moral failures are not chosen but forced before he knows other possibilities. His prose, so often spare and elegant, is sometimes overpruned; his style is occasionally too rigorous for the logical precision and exhaustiveness he tries always to achieve, and his meaning becomes abstruse.

What Farber brilliantly affirms, over

against the older psychoanalytic negatives about mental health conveyed by "the resolution of infantile conflicts and fixations," is the strength of man's special gifts to bear up under the weight of meaninglessness and cruelty and to shoulder his life forward. We may be witnessing the emergence of a work that will only slowly make itself felt, so innovative are some of its conceptions

and so strictly do they adhere to a few basic premises. But it is hard to believe that our understanding of neurosis and "normal" suffering will not be infiltrated by its ideas on individuality. Farber's book is a testament to what psychoanalytic thought at its best has become, and must be if it is not to wither: a champion of our humanistic traditions in an inhuman age.

fine distinction between commanding and leading was beyond his intellectual – or perhaps his emotional – reach. He conceived of the President as what the Secretary of Labor ought to be, a mediator, an adjuster of conflicting interests, in rougher language, a wheeler and dealer. The result was that he developed a fatal genius for jerking the rug from under his friends at every critical moment. The notorious Scranton affair was only the most glaring of a long series of incidents that made this slave to duty and unquestionably honest man the most treacherous President of the 20th Century.

Until liberal ex-Republicans acknowledge this glaringly plain truth, their chance of creating an effective political organization is dim. The Republican Party did not lose, it gained a head in 1964. Unfortunately, it was a death's head, the grinning skull of the long defunct political philosophy of government by an elite (*i.e.* the rich) and peonage for the rabble. Naturally, the electorate recoiled in horror, but not because the party was headless. It was because its head was so frightening as to

Which GOP Is It To Be?

by Gerald W. Johnson

"We," assert Gilder and Chapman in the very first line of their new book, "are Republicans." Interesting, if true, but a doubt lingers. They are anti-Goldwater, and three-fifths of their

The Party That Lost Its Head
by George F. Gilder and
Bruce K. Chapman
(Knopf; \$6.95)

book is devoted to an illuminating and highly convincing demonstration that one who is anti-Goldwater is about as much a Republican as Rabelais' Friar John was a churchman. There were seven reasons why he left the convent, said Friar John, the first being that he was thrown out. "Then to the devil with the other six," remarked Panurge.

To an unsympathetic observer it appears that Gilder, Chapman and their allies proceeded from the Republican Party's front door to the sidewalk without ever touching the steps. Furthermore, after two years, the indications are that if they attempt to go back they will once more emerge landing on their eyebrows. The Gilder-Chapman contention that the Goldwaterites are not real Republicans is purely semantic. For practical purposes, whoever possesses and operates the Republican Party is a Republican and others are not. The tenant and manager at this writing is Goldwater, and that's that.

Yet Panurge was over-hasty. Some of Friar John's six reasons may have been quite interesting. Certainly that is true of many advanced by these authors, although the strongest of all is never stated explicitly. The inference is, however, inescapable that the Republican Party had lost its head long before

Goldwater was heard of. The melancholy event occurred in 1952, when it intrusted its destiny to a leader who wouldn't lead and perversely refused to allow anybody else to lead.

Eisenhower was a slave to duty, say these authors. There is no doubt of that, but the trouble was that while nobody knew better than the General that a military commander's duty is to command it never entered his mind that a civilian leader's duty is to lead. The

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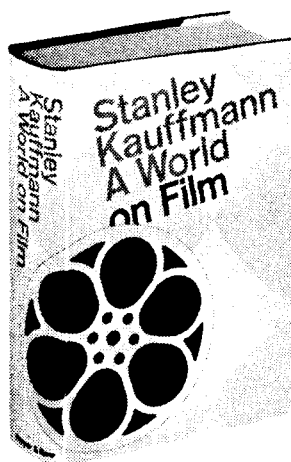
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stampede even the intellectuals into the desperate course of fleeing into the arms of Lyndon B. Johnson.

Gilder and Chapman have not quite acknowledged this, but they have at least apprehended it. Like most physicians of the body politic, they are stronger on diagnosis than they are on therapeutics. They devote a long section to problems of organization; it is doubtless sound enough but very dull reading. Then they invalidate it by admitting that no organization will rescue the party until it has developed what they call, yielding to the current fad, an "ideology," meaning a set of ideas. Goldwater has an ideology, all right, but he dug it out of the boneyard. Yet, coupled with a top-flight organization, it was good enough to give him the party, although not the election.

These physicians are bold enough not merely to advise, but to prescribe an impressively long list of ideas. Several of them are certainly viable, and some may be very good indeed; but as long as Goldwater has the organization no ideology can stand alone. The doctors avoid a frontal assault on the basic malady — which, incidentally, is infecting the Democratic Party, too. They appear to be touched with it themselves to some extent, for they repeat to the verge of tedium that the genius of American politics is conciliation, adjustment, compromise to reach a consensus. True. But this is properly the work of the staff and field officers. Applied to the commander-in-chief it amounts to the theory that the President is essentially a constitutional monarch, who reigns, but does not rule. George Washington tried it and found that it did not work, and John Adams, his successor, abandoned it as early as 1798 when he imposed peace with France.

It has attracted every indolent President from William Henry Harrison to Coolidge, but it was Eisenhower who carried it to the brink of disaster and might have gone over the edge if the people had not deprived his party of the control of Congress. The Democrats, inspired by the tradition of strong leadership set by Jefferson, Jackson, Wilson and the second Roosevelt, have partially assimilated this truth, but Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt were not

quite enough to indoctrinate the Republicans. So the Goldwaterites, intuitively rather than rationally, grasping this fact, took the party away from the so-called moderates who were in fact Laodiceans, neither hot nor cold, merely sickening.

Can it be recovered? If it can, will it be worth the effort? Both questions Gilder and Chapman answer affirmatively, but the second, in the opinion

of this unsympathetic observer, on sentimental, rather than rational grounds. To abandon the name, as like-minded people such as Lincoln abandoned the name Whig, might enable a new organization to draw strength from among Democrats who are beginning to detect a hiatus in a consensus that has led to Vietnam and Santo Domingo and to suspect it of being merely a means to con us.

Health Hazards in Food and Drink

by Joseph A. Page

At his best, the muckraker, by manipulating words and images, by the juxtaposition of outrageous injustice and potential reform, by the proper blend of hard fact and emotional appeal, can arouse and mobilize popular indignation. The worst in muckraking is the poorly written exposé which fades quickly into oblivion.

It is too soon to assess the impact of *The Hidden Assassins*, a probe of the health hazards in foods and beverages

The Hidden Assassins
by Booth Mooney
(Follett; \$4.95)

consumed by the American public. The urgency of the issues Mr. Mooney raises and the further problems implicit in his analysis, may yet rescue the book from its abundant shortcomings.

The use of pesticides and chemical additives, unsanitary processing, and labeling designed to mislead, are the basic dangers upon which he focuses. His villains are the outright crooks in the food industry, the businessmen who prefer the fast dollar to adequate consumer protection, and the apologists for the businessmen in government, education and science. The title is misleading. Most of the hazards against which Mooney inveighs turn the stomach, both figuratively and literally. Others cause illnesses which occasionally may be terminal, while only a very few kill suddenly.

The sequence of chapters reflects inversely the hyperbole of the title. Mooney's fascinating exposition of the uses and misuses of horsemeat and the law enforcement problems faced by

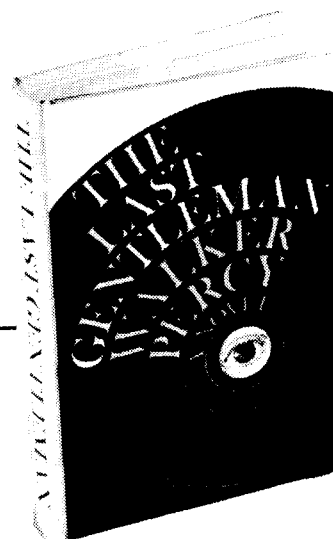
Food and Drug Administration inspectors appears near the end of the book. His second chapter treats food poisoning, which may occur despite available precautions taken by processors and dealers. The fourth chapter is an ineffective summary of the testimony of doctors before a House subcommittee investigating food additives.

Meticulous documentation is inappropriate in a book designed for a popular audience. Nonetheless, a prudent and restrained use of citations to reference materials adds a fortifying touch of authenticity from which *The Hidden Assassins* would have benefited.

Likewise, the author's (or perhaps the publisher's) reluctance to name names blunts the thrust of the exposé. It is hard to understand why companies and products which have caused serious, widespread harm to the consuming public should enjoy immunity from publicity. Mooney marshals horrendous examples of corporate irresponsibility, yet the culprits remain "hidden," even though these instances are matters of public record.

Superimposed upon these technical deficiencies is the fact that *The Hidden Assassins* scarcely touches upon some of the significant questions posed by health hazards in food. The deleterious effects of chemical additives and pesticides form part of a continuing assault which technological change has directed against the human body.

Mooney points out that two-thirds of the items now offered for sale in supermarkets have been developed since World War II. At the same time the food industry's investment in technology has not been matched by public



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investment in consumer protection and adjustment to what amounts to environmental change. (It would be instructive to compare government expenditures on consumer protection with defense expenditures on biological warfare.) The important point is that technological change in the food industry will exact a certain economic and human cost. The issue is whether this cost should be borne now or later, and whether the cost should be socialized or allowed to remain where it falls.

Agitation over food hazards is as old as muckraking itself, and led to the passage of the Federal Food and Drug Act of 1906. It is distressing to note the persistence of old evils, along with the emergence of new hazards. Mooney indicates, with less than adequate emphasis, the failure of the legislative and administrative processes to cope with corporate greed and technological change. The lesson to be drawn is relevant to reforms being attempted in other areas. Automobile design is an example. The furor has been created and the need for government action established. Yet our experience with food legislation teaches that laws with industry-inspired loopholes and agencies with insufficient funds and personnel are no solution. An apt parallel is the auto industry's resistance to criminal sanctions against willful violations of safety standards. Such sanctions have been an effective deterrent to violations of food legislation.

The inadequacies of the Food and Drug Administration raise the issue whether consumer protection can be left completely in the hands of a gov-

ernment agency. The variety of pressures to which it may be subjected, the problems of budget and staff, and legislative restrictions upon its activities, all underscore the need for further imaginative measures by both public and private groups to furnish the consumer with the same quality of scientific and legal service which is available to the food industry.

One step toward this equality would be a recognition that tests relating to

the safety of products for human consumption should not be considered as private property of the food industry; they should be matters of public record.

The Hidden Assassins scores its most telling point with the dismaying observation that the only sure guarantee of effective congressional action would be a public disaster. It would be a high price indeed to require a thalidomide-type scandal before steps are taken to provide adequate consumer protection.

RECORDS

The Guarneri Quartet

As noteworthy as the Guarneri Quartet's first concert a year or so ago is its first appearance on records, in the performances of Mozart's Quartets K.589 and 590 on RCA Victor LM- and LSC-2888. With any new string quartet there is the question whether it will equal or approximate the marvelous, short-lived New Music Quartet; and there are hopes and expectations when the new group includes three young string players of virtuoso caliber (Arnold Steinhardt, the first violin, is a winner of a Queen Elizabeth competition in Brussels), and the one older member, the cellist David Soyer, played for a time in the New Music Quartet. And I can report that although the playing doesn't rise to the sheer incandescence of the New Music Quartet's operation, it is clearly first-rate, and unquestionably superior to any I have heard in recent years, in everything that adds up to technical and musical excellence in quartet performance: the tonal beauty, the sensitive inflection, the integrated progression of the four strands of the texture. Moreover, it is done in performances that are admirable realizations of the works, except for the few lapses of taste by Soyer — his mannered statement of the second subject in the first movement of K.589, his slide in the slow movement of K.590 — which his young colleagues shouldn't have felt diffident about correcting. The performances come off the records with some of the most accurate and beautiful sound I have heard from a recorded quartet in recent years. And again I

prefer the better-defined bass and the greater solidity and nearness of the mono sound.

The Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio, which gave us a fine performance of Schubert's Trio Op. 99, does less well with Beethoven's Trio Op. 97 (*Archduke*) on Columbia ML-6219 (mono). Perhaps it is recording that makes Istomin's playing obtrusively loud in the first two movements; for it is in correct relation with the strings in the last two.

Of the several recent performances of Mozart works by von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic, the only one not spoiled by lapses of taste is the one of the fine Divertimento K.334 for strings and horns on Deutsche Grammophon 39-008 and 139-008. It is characteristically silky, but enlivened by sensitive inflection, and, except for one over-deliberate Minuet, effectively paced.

Remembering the differently idiosyncratic performances of each, one wouldn't expect Glenn Gould and Stokowski to make a compatible working team for Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 (*Emperor*): but what comes off

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

John Updike's new book of stories, *The Music School*, will be published by Knopf in the fall. Seymour Rubinfeld is the author of *Family of Outcasts*. Joseph A. Page is on the faculty of the University of Denver law school. Charlton Ogburn, Jr., is the author of a novel, *The Gold of the River Sea*, which was published last season.

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Columbia ML-6288 and MS-6888 seems to indicate that Stokowski was sufficiently impressed by Gould's musical powers to devote himself to providing, with his American Symphony, an admirably adjusted framework for Gould's highly individual statement of the solo part. From the piano's very first flourishes we are aware of Gould's powerful musical intelligence re-examining and rethinking every detail, with results that are most of the time superbly impressive, but now and then perverse, eccentric, and unconvincing or impossible to go along with. I have in mind the thumping by the left hand, early in the first movement, of a mere accompaniment figure as if it were as meaningful as the right-hand melody; the thumping by the right hand, soon afterward, of the C-flat major melody that is marked *piano*; the mannered shaping of the meditative phrases just before the build-up to the beginning of the recapitulation and in the slow movement the thumping – as if it were a meaningful countermelody – of the figuration that is a mere delicate embellishment of the orchestra's last statement of the melody. I prefer the sound of the mono version.

There would seem to be more than enough recorded performances of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*; but they include only one great one, Argenta's on London 9227 and 6025; and since it will soon be withdrawn, it is good to have the superb new one by Colin Davis and the London Symphony on Philips 500-101 and 900-101. The mono version is preferable for its stronger bass and greater solidity.

The reviewers' enthusiasm led me to investigate Szell's performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 4 with the Cleveland Orchestra on Columbia ML-6233

and MS-6833, and to discover that his way of dealing with the genial work is to point up its relaxed character and style enormously to the point of unrelaxed excessiveness. The orchestra's playing is marvelous; and Judith Raskin sings the soprano solo in the finale exquisitely. Again I prefer the mono sound.

Of the Schumann settings of Heine poems that Fischer-Dieskau sings with Joerg Demus on Deutsche Grammophon 39-110 and 139-110, only *Du bist wie eine Blume*, *Die Lotosblume* and *Die beiden Grenadiere* are familiar; and of the unfamiliar ones I find only *Der Hans und die Grete* impressive. Demus' superb playing is more audible than it was in the performance of Schubert's *Die Winterreise*, but still not enough so.

One notes that Marilyn Horne's voice, on London A-4263 and OSA-1263, has less luster in its upper range, and produces a few growling low notes for dramatic effect; but it is still extraordinary in its beauty, range, power and agility; and her use of it is magnificent most of the time in the performances of familiar and unfamiliar arias from Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, *Tancredi*, *Otello* and *Semiramide*, Bellini's *I Capuleti ed i Montecchi*, Gluck's *Orphée et Euridice*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète*, Gounod's *Sapho* and Verdi's *Il Trovatore*. Henry Lewis conducts L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.

Britten's *Curlew River* is a realization in Christian terms of a Japanese No-play which impressed him with its simple story, its economical style, its mixture of speech, chanting and singing. What the effect of his setting of William Plomer's text would be with a stage performance I cannot say; but as it comes off London A-4156 and OSA-1156 by itself, I find it unimpressive and uninteresting. The excellent cast includes Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, Harold Blackburn and Bryan Drake.

Those who love Purcell's music will want *The Masque in Dioclesan*, which is sung well, on Vanguard BG-682 and BGS-70682, by Honor Sheppard, soprano, Max Worthley, tenor, Alfred Deller, counter-tenor, Maurice Bevan, bass, and other soloists with the chorus and orchestra of the Concentus Musicus, Vienna, under Deller's direction.

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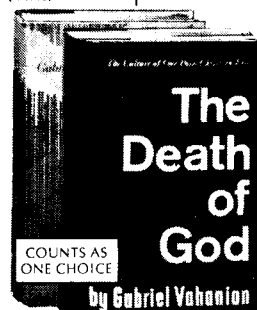
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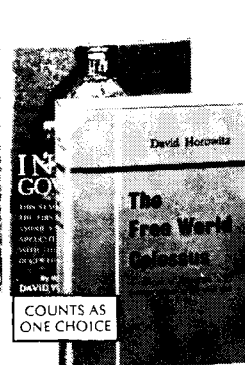
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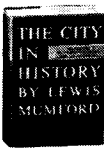
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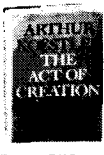
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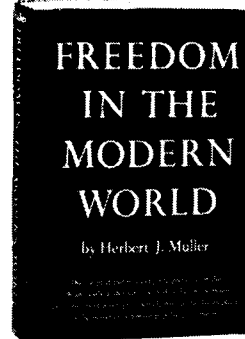


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ART

From the Pampas to Fifth Avenue

Cornell University, for institutional reasons of its own, has been having a Latin American Year "of conferences and cultural activities designed to stimulate appreciation of Latin America's creative accomplishments and to broaden understanding of its problems." One cultural activity has been the assembling of a medium-sized painting exhibition by Thomas M. Messer, director of the Guggenheim Museum, where the show may now be seen, and the publication of a non-catalogue meant to be "a look, midway through what is clearly a decisive decade in Latin American painting, at the more important art centers of the continent - this through an illustrated interchange of professional views and some deceptively informal, intensely intimate photographic profiles of individual artists by Cornell Capa." Book and exhibition share the title, *The Emergent Decade: Latin American Painters and Painting in the 1960's*, and if you are seriously interested in the subject, you ought to get the book as well as see the show, because without the picture book the pictures on the wall fall rather short.

The optimistic title strikes you as having been hit upon long before the first exploratory trip south by Mr. Messer. He recognizes isolated merit, makes a strong case that Argentina is the best of the lot, records the absenteeism of many of the better artists more or less permanently established in New York or Paris, and relies more upon hope and promise than upon actual achievement among resident painters. The strongest painter in the book, and probably in the field, remains Rufino Tamayo, who is inexplicably missing from the show, although he is well represented in the book.

The problem is probably the old demon of progress in the arts, that perennial plague of exhibition organizers. Since Cornell was having a Latin American Year and is a cultural institution as well as the West Point of the hotel industry, Latin America had damn well better come up with something solid in the painting line; since there was

nothing demonstrably earth-shattering already established, the least the continent could do for the university was to show itself in a period of artistic emergence: hence the exhibition and the book. The same kind of great expectations have fretted the New York scene for many years and have made giants out of such unlikely candidates as Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, and Andy Warhol.

The heart of the joint enterprise thereby becomes not the exhibition, certainly not the non-existent "emergent decade" in Latin America, the art of which has been emerging regularly for at least five decades now, but the superb personal-artistic-journalism of the photographer Cornell Capa - no relation to the sponsor.

This again reflects developments in North America in the last couple of emergent decades we've had up here. Beginning in the late forties, our art has steadily become more and more personalist in the sense of depending increasingly upon the spectator's awareness of the painter's activities before, upon and around the actual canvas before his eyes. If you were unaware of Pollock's dripping, you might dismiss his work as decorative, occasionally gaudy surfaces; once it has been explained to you, you could see as well as another how chance and destiny and the quest for an identity were all tied up in it. This progress has reached the point in New York and elsewhere now at which no actual work of art survives at all as a physical entity after the artist's performance. Rather, groups of artists get together and perform charades and their actions are thought to constitute art in themselves, with or without audience participation.

The Latin American "Emergent Decade" takes a middle position, suitable enough in view of the traditional New York view of the Latin countries as rather behind us. From Capa's photographs more than from Messer's show there emerges a sense of vitality. Artists look at their children, walk with their

wives, dance and horse around with their fellows in private houses and public bars and a good feeling of community and fun comes through. The visitor to any of the Latin American capitals able to get admitted to such gatherings commonly experiences much the same feelings as are engendered by Capa's photos. In the pleasant glow of those feelings, the work of one's host or of a particularly pleasant fellow-guest takes on new values right before your eyes. Yes, you say, these chaps do have something. The work does have more than I'd thought at first sight.

It probably has less when you see some more of it. After a time of decompression back in the United States, you wonder whatever it could have been that seemed so fine.

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decade going on in Latin America. Moreover there is still no group to compare remotely, as a group, with the Mexicans of the twenties and thirties. There are, as there always are, some highly individual talents, working mostly in some degree of abstraction and often with overtones of surrealism.

The most overrated painter in the continent remains, to my eye, Rogelio Polesello, whose use of spray gun and stencil-grids makes for dramatic action photos and vapid, non-action paintings. On the other hand, his fellow-Argentinian, José Antonio Fernández-Muro, gets solemn, brooding presences, loaded

with a sense of allusion, out of rubbings of manhole covers and alphabets.

The Colombian Fernando Botero is probably the strongest artist in the show, seriously rivaled only by José Luis Cuevas of Mexico and Fernando de Szyszlo of Peru. The latter's successful evocation of an Inca spirituality of heights in completely abstract terms is all by itself in the abstraction in the show. Botero and Cuevas both derive, ultimately, from the Goya of the Caprices and the Disasters and thus represent at its best the most enduring and formidable strain in Latin American painting.

FRANK GETLEIN

POP CULTURE

How the West Was Lost—And Why

Three years ago, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer came out with an epic called *How the West Was Won* which, now that I have seen it, I am inclined to believe is one of the most important cultural documents of the past decade. If I am right, then perhaps I am not out of order in bringing it up so late in the day. At the time, Mr. Stanley Kauffmann dismissed the film in a line or two ("any cultivated parent who takes a child to this saccharine, distorted trash will regret it"). But now that it is going the rounds of drive-ins and second-run houses, it seems to me to be worth some second thoughts, for it raises in the most powerful and irresistible terms the question of what our country is all about.

This was not, I should point out, the studio's intention. The producers claimed that it was "the biggest project ever initiated in Hollywood from the standpoint of an all-star cast, physical scope and far-flung locations." There may be a certain amount of equivocation in that boast, but never mind. The thing is immense. A work akin to this if produced by a single individual and reaching an audience of only a few thousand could well be ignored, even if equally subversive of the things the nation lives by—and to be so it would have to be very subversive indeed. But *How the West Was Won* is the ultimate statement on the great American theme—the conquest of the continent—by the supreme exemplar of our culture, Hollywood, and one that has been absorbed by tens of millions of us—absorbed, too, with apparently little sense of shock or disturbance.

What first strikes one as at odds with the apparent purpose of *How the West Was Won* is the tawdriness of the characters it has made the primary protagonists of the great national saga. (This is a bit tangential to what I am chiefly talking about though it is illuminating nonetheless.) These are two sisters, daughters of the fictional Prescott family whose westward migration from the Erie Canal to Arizona and California in

the period of 1839 to the late 1880's provides the central narrative. The film conveys the impression that so far as the womenfolk were concerned, the West was won by barely disguised tarts. Eve Prescott is so obsessively, so unabashedly man-hungry that she throws herself at the first male she meets after crossing the Appalachian divide. This happens to be a "mountain man" played by James Stewart. He is on his way to trade a canoe of beaver pelts from the Rockies for the best that the brothels of Pittsburgh have to offer and he makes no bones about it. Miss Prescott, not in the least put off by the frank avowal, manages in her hot pursuit of this highly eligible male to corner him and by forcing him into a necking session to awaken a response in him. Even so he eludes her and only the news of a disaster to the Prescott family brings him back to her before the doors of the brothels close upon him.

The other Prescott daughter, Lilith, actually essays the path of easy virtue. Whether she pursues it to its end is not clear. One would guess she does from her performance as a dancer in tough music halls and from the bequest of a gold mine made her by an elderly admirer. Lilith's swain, Mr. Gregory Peck, is a riverboat gambler whom she characterizes, accurately as it would seem, as a "tin-horn." With fine gallantry he deserts her upon the discovery that the mine bequeathed to her is exhausted. Later, however, recognizing that they are two of a kind—grasping and mercenary—they marry and "make and lose three fortunes." Such are the two romances that serve as springboards for the epic.

What makes the vulgarity the more obtrusive is the background against which it unfolds. I think I have never seen the grandeur of our continent more awesomely presented. Such stunning mountains, rivers, plains, bison herds and Indian horsemen can surely never before have been brought indoors. The impression grows upon one that the salient feature of the conquest of the West was the contrast between the crassness of the invaders and the nobility of the country they assaulted.

It is somewhere past the mid-point that *How the West Was Won* sud-

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Union City

New Jersey

denly loses confidence in everything it has ostensibly been preaching. The young man who may be described as its hero, having joined the Union forces in the Civil War and remained in uniform at its conclusion, finds himself as a captain of cavalry assigned to give protection from the Indians to the construction gang carrying the Union Pacific Railroad forward to its historic meeting with the Central Pacific. To hold off the edgy Arapahoes, who justifiably fear the worst, he gives his word that the railroad will abide by its agreement to spare their hunting grounds. However, the boss of the construction gang knows no morality but to put the line through by the shortest route. An old trapper engaged by the railroad to provide the gangs with bison meat, sees what is going to happen. Embittered, he walks out on his job and in preparing to pull up stakes delivers a line which more than any other in the picture is spoken with passion and conviction: "I'm going back to the mountains, where there aren't any people—yet." As he foresaw, the railroad slices through the Indians' hunting grounds and brings with it the professional bison-slaughterers from the East. Disillusioned and outraged, our Civil War veteran resigns his commission and heads west.

That which has been merely implicit and inadvertent now becomes explicit and unmistakable. What the winning of the West meant was betrayal—a betrayal of the grandest unspoiled land on which civilized man had ever set eyes, a betrayal of the Indians, who in their dignity and fierce integrity were a part of the land, a betrayal of the other living creatures, which in their numbers and the magnificence of their forms were unmatched elsewhere in the northern hemisphere. All this you see. The producers must have seen it too. Aghast, like someone who has made a dreadful, revealing slip of the tongue in an august assemblage, they fled. They got out, fast. The film skips twenty years and leaps a thousand miles. Coming to earth again, it finds Zeb—our hero in the Civil War—in the role of a grey-haired marshal with a wife and two children and with an unresolved vendetta with a

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PANTHEON 

badman—a tried-and-true, thoroughly safe situation. (Arapahoes? Bison-slaughters? Never heard of them!)

There follows a duel between hero and villain aboard a speeding train, which in the course of the violence disintegrates piecemeal—a sequence that will stand for all time as the definitive statement in its field, I should think. We are reminded again of Hollywood's conviction, which I dare say is well founded, that in the eyes of movie-going (and television-watching) America the supreme moment of truth comes when the marshal or sheriff and the badman reach for their guns. Yet this obeisance to the tribal myth, which constitutes the climax, does not mean that the picture is out of the woods. Not by any means. This is an epic and it must end on a plane as lofty as its great theme, which is nothing less than the establishment of American civilization. We are given a moving and poetic finale. The marshal having prevailed over the bandit, we take leave of the surviving Prescotts as they put the world's strife behind them and head for a remote ranch which is all that remains to Lilit in her widowhood from the third financial debacle. The last we see of them they are driving off in a buckboard across a sensationally beautiful part of the Arizona desert among mighty pillars of wind-eroded red rock—a desert empty but for them and a few happy, friendly Indians. All join in chorusing the theme song:

And I'll build you a home in the meadow!

There can be little doubt that the original intention was to write *Finis* at this point. But one can imagine the effect on the producers as the implications sank home: the meaning of our civilization is that you get as far away from it as you can, you

flee from it to some remote valley it has not yet reached.

That would not do at all. At the eleventh hour and 59th minute the film would have to execute a 180-degree turn. So another ending was spliced on and the *volte face* produces the most jolting transition I have ever witnessed on the screen. Vaulting over three-quarters of a century, the camera takes (I believe the term is) from the majestic solitude of the desert to a helicopter view of the most complex interchange of the Los Angeles freeway system, at rush hour, with streams of cars four abreast pouring this way and that like armies of ants on interlacing ribbons of macaroni. The helicopter does, it is true, go on to some slightly more photogenic panoramas, including an impoundment of water behind a great dam and the roofs of San Francisco, but it is the shot of the interweaving super-highways that makes the impact—that and one of the leveling of a hill for a real-estate development by super-bulldozers.

The total reality hits you between the eyes. The country so magnificently celebrated in this picture is being consumed by a civilization insatiable in its appetite. This is nothing, of course, of which we have had no inkling before. Most of us are aware of the figures: every year a million of our country's remaining green acres put to the bulldozer. But the story is not often presented with the shock effect achieved, however unintentionally, in *How the West Was Won*. Where, it makes you ask yourself, is the end to be? And the answer comes with the question: there is no end. We must each year produce more. We must keep on consuming the country. Economic growth is what we have to have, at least five percent per annum, everyone says. And whatever that may mean in theory, in practice it means more *things*, ever more things for, perhaps, ever more people—increasing millions of motorcars with more highways for them to run on, mounting floods of household appliances with vaster subdivisions and apartment complexes to provide markets for them, more machines, more industries, more buildings and, if not bigger and bigger cities, then more of them. Five percent more things every

year, but better eight. Forever. World without end.

All this is implicit in the penultimate ending (for there is another yet to come) of *How the West Was Won*. It was as evident to the producers as to me—how could it have been otherwise?—and apparently no less appalling. So you know what they did then? For a final sequence they take us right out to sea. So help me. Right on out from San Francisco Bay; we go under the bridge and on out. Not into the sunrise of a new day, not into the golden sunset of an ever-beckoning West, but out into the darkness of the nighttime ocean. The commentator, Mr. Spencer Tracy, may well be speaking of the challenge of new horizons, but I did not hear him and it did not matter. It was the camera that was telling the story. And if ever I saw a Freudian death-wish on the screen, this was it.

CHARLTON OGBURN, JR.

Correspondence

SNCC and the Whites

Sirs:

I am disturbed and irritated by the editorial "Is Integration Irrelevant" in the June 4 issue. . . . The writer criticizes SNCC for repudiating in advance "their work," meaning the work of the 2,000 or more delegates to the two-day White House Conference on Civil Rights. But SNCC did no such thing. It pointed out what is obvious: that a convocation of 2,000 people can accomplish no "work" in only two days of talking; whoever controls the planning of such a meeting controls the product of the meeting. SNCC charged that the small group of men who planned the Conference had arranged a schedule that would not reflect the angry and frustrated mood of Negroes in America. Since the only verbal fireworks to emerge from the Conference were the efforts of delegates to replace the pre-planned agenda with one of their own, it would appear that SNCC was right. "... The Black Panther political movement . . . rejects white nominees and white support," according to your editorial. This is erroneous in three ways.

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The Lowndes County group's name is, I believe, the Lowndes County Freedom Organization, not the Black Panther Party. . . . Second, as one who has followed the progress of the Lowndes County group fairly closely, I cannot recall that they have rejected white nominees as such. What they have rejected is the idea that (in an 80 percent Negro county) they must run some whites just in order to have whites on the ticket. When Julian Bond was here last week he said that membership in the Lowndes County group was open to whites, but that none had chosen to join. Anyone who knows anything about Lowndes County knows why. Finally, the Lowndes County group could not have been created without white support and probably could not exist without the white support it is now getting in the form of SNCC workers, whose salaries, expenses, transportation, and communications are paid for mainly by the contributions of white people.

Your editorial says condescendingly, ". . . it may be that some Negroes can only gain self-respect by self-help—without benefit of white punditry." Not "some" but all Negroes, and all whites, too, can attain self-respect only by what they do themselves. . . . Whoever in the history of man has gained self-respect by charity? Who has gained self-respect by "benefit of white punditry?"

You take it for granted that a Federal Housing Rights Bill would have some important bearing on the Negroes' struggles for self-respect and/or for good housing. I do not know if SNCC has said that a housing bill would be irrelevant, but I would expect SNCC to do so, and I think they would be right. So far as I can see, fair housing laws have had very little effect on the Negro middle class in those cities and states that have such laws, and no effect whatever on the Negro proletariat.

"And what of the interracial efforts in the NAACP . . .?" Well, what of them? A few years ago I was President of the Youth and College Chapters of the NAACP in North Carolina, the state with the largest NAACP membership in the South, and, at that time, certainly the most active NAACP youth groups in the nation. I do have some reason to know what I am talking about when I answer your editorial's

question, "Are they too 'irrelevant' . . .?" with a definite yes. The NAACP has been an important force for civil rights, but those close to the situation since 1961 know that the emphasis has to be on the "Has Been" in that sentence. Besides, since when is the NAACP an "interracial effort?" In the many NAACP meetings I have attended, local, state, and national, the proportion of whites has been about the same as the proportion of Negroes going to school with whites in Mississippi in 1964. In that token sense I guess you could say it is interracial. Nor did the NAACP get any notable amount of support, moral or financial, from whites behind the scenes in North Carolina.

Perhaps there have been "thousands of white Americans who have been eager to give time, money, lives . . ." but except for rather impersonal dollars, they haven't ever been ready to give to SNCC, and it is therefore quite wrong to say that, "No one should know better than SNCC members that

they have not been alone." Alone is exactly the SNCC experience. Until the summer of 1964 there were only a small handful of white SNCC workers. After the summer of 1964 there were only a handful. During the summer of 1964 I worked for SNCC in Mississippi, and I understand why the full-time SNCC workers were glad to see me and my fellow Northern whites go home. We served a valuable purpose that summer, but had we stayed longer than that the results for the Movement would have been disastrous.

The editorial ends with a sermon: "If the goal is an integrated society . . . segregation is a poor way to get there." This is not true. In the first place, integration *per se* is not the primary goal for Negroes any more than it was for (for example) Jews. The main energy of Jewish and other nationality movements in the United States has gone into the fight for money, power, and acceptance. The goal of integration or assimilation has run a poor fourth; it is the byproduct of the first three, not

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the source of them. In the second place, by "segregation" you apparently mean Stokely Carmichael's goals of "independent political, economic and cultural institutions. . . ." Were such institutions "segregation" when Chinese in San Francisco built them (from which the words "clan" and "clannish")? Were such institutions—political, economic and cultural—"a poor way to get there" for the American Jews? My grandfather was born in this country because of his father's involvement in a largely Jewish political institution; he became rich, making it possible for me to have the leisure to write this letter, through Jewish economic institutions; and he learned the racial pride and the drive that helped him get rich in Jewish cultural institutions. That was not self-segregation; it was The American Way of Life. It still is, and SNCC knows it. And *The New Republic* ought to know it.

Edward Opton, Jr.
Kensington, Calif.

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Anti-Vietnam Politics

Sirs:

Your Mr. Kopkind ("Anti-Vietnam Politics," June 4) . . . presents Congressman Cohelan as simply a supporter of Administration policy in Vietnam; yet Cohelan's speeches and statements on that policy have been as critical as Senator Robert Kennedy's and Senator Fulbright's—though admittedly without their power to attract attention to these views. Cohelan played a leading role in getting 78 Democratic congressmen to sign a letter to the President arguing against escalation—one of the most important actions taken in Congress for moderation. Kopkind blandly reports that Cohelan has "procured telegrams of endorsement from senators and representatives," but does not bother telling your readers that these senators include Kennedy, Fulbright and Mansfield. An oversight? Hardly, in an article devoted to "anti-Vietnam politics." I imagine Mr. Kopkind would have found the problem of explaining the Scheer movement more challenging if he had reported these facts. But that is certainly no reason to suppress them.

Nathan Glazer
Berkeley, California

In the wake of the election, I want to congratulate you on the excellent article by Andrew Kopkind focusing on Robert Scheer's congressional race with Jeffrey Cohelan in the Democratic primary in Berkeley and Oakland. The votes are in and Scheer received nearly 15 percent of them while losing to incumbent Cohelan.

This was startlingly strong support for Scheer, and it came from a wide range of people, most of whom had voted for Cohelan in previous elections. The Scheer vote, like the campaign, meant many things. It meant repudiation of President Johnson's policies in Vietnam. It meant a demand for alleviation of poverty and discrimination in Oakland's ghetto. Above all it meant support for effective and uncompromising action on the issues which most liberals have only talked about. Cohelan suffered not because he was an advocate of the policies Scheer repudiated, but because of his faint-hearted acquiescence to them.

As one who has supported Cohelan in

the past and has followed his career in Washington, first with enthusiasm and finally with dismay, but always with interest, I found Kopkind's article to be perceptive in its characterization of the differences in style and performance of Scheer and Cohelan. This is in large measure the difference which enabled a political unknown of the "new left" to bring a popular liberal incumbent to the brink of defeat. . . .

Gerald D. Berreman
Berkeley, California

As a graduate student in political science, I am always glad to learn something new about the operation of our political system. Andrew Kopkind's article on "Anti-Vietnam Politics" was a well-written and interesting account of some aspects of the current political turmoil over our involvement in Vietnam. I was rather startled, however, when toward the end of the article it was stated that Jeffery Cohelan's "'peers' in the House might think a little less of his power" because he has won a hard-fought primary battle held on June 7. It had always been my impression that winning a hard-fought election increased rather than decreased a politician's status with his peers.

David R. Allen
Columbia University

Correction

In the article "No Fire This Time" (June 18), it was incorrectly stated that Samuel Nabrit was chairman of a discussion committee at the White House civil rights conference. He was a consultant to the conference; his brother, deputy UN representative James Nabrit, was the committee chairman.

THE EDITORS

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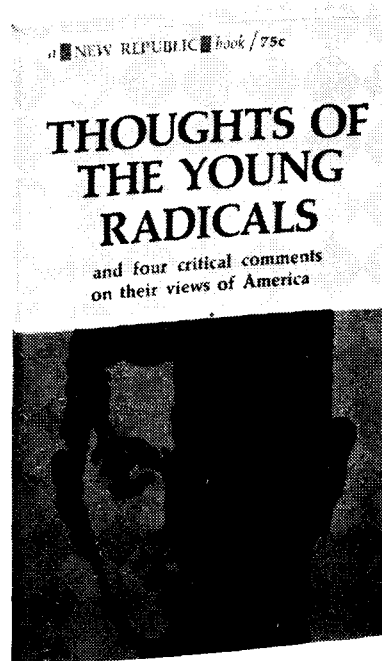
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